ELVERTON ROOSEVELT CHAMPION

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

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(1911 -)

Elverton R. Champion, Champ as he is best known, tells of his early childhood in Canada, the family's move to California and the events that led him to Hawaii and, subsequently, to worldwide construction sites.

Mr. Champion's affiliation with the Dillingham Corporation, initially with Hawaiian Dredging Company, and the part he played in the development of its international reputation, particularly in Australia, are related.

His lifelong interest in nature is exemplified by his activities with the Hawaiian Kennel Club and the Humane Society. His involvement with organizations such as the National Alliance of Businessmen and the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council reflects his concern that education and business need to unite, and that further cultural understanding, particularly of the Pacific nations, is of great importance.

Mr. Champion tells of his participation in many other community and business organizations, including Rotary, the 200 club, and Maunalani Hospital.

INTERVIEW WITH ELVERTON ROOSEVELT CHAMPION

At his home 525 Hakaka Place, Honolulu, Hawaii

November 17, 1986

C: Mr. Champion

S: Alice Sinesky, Interviewer

C: I was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, September 30, 1911, the son of Ernest Charles Champion and Sarah Craig Champion, the second of what was to be a family of five children: Edna, four years older; Portia, two years younger; Vera, three years younger and a brother Craig, ten years younger.

My parents had married on Christmas Eve in the Vermillion Hotel, Vermillion, Alberta, an outpost jumping-off spot for the northern territory and the Great Bear Lake Country.

S: Do you know how your parents met?

C: Their marriage culminated a shipboard romance that developed some time earlier when my father, returning from an overseas assignment for his company in Baltimore, got on "a bit of a tear" in London and missed his sailing the following morning in Southampton.

He then had to take a slower boat on which my mother was travelling from Belfast, Northern Ireland, to go to live with the family of her uncle who owned the Vermillion Hotel, following the death of both her mother and father a short time apart. This event caused the breakup of their family of several adult children who were, in the Irish custom, yet living at home with their parents.

The Craig clan were indigenous to the Belfast area and as my mother was a blue-eyed, raven-haired Irish colleen, there no doubt was some influence from the break up of the Spanish Armada off the North Coast of Ireland.

Interestingly, her father James Craig devised the P-trap system of plumbing in which a continuous water seal prevents sewer gases from rising through plumbing fixtures. This invention was to spread in its use throughout the world and

replace the inferior system that was so widely used throughout Europe and many other countries.

S: So this slow boat to Canada was conducive to romance.

C: Their shipboard romance on the slow boat to Halifax led to a proposal of marriage at some time in the future. My father would return to Baltimore and later go to work for George Eastman of the young Kodak Company in Rochester, New York, where he built the first "solio" building as a contractor.

Love letters were exchanged by the slow mail between the outpost Vermillion and New York, but finally the groom-to-be would leave for Vermillion. Enroute he had to go through Edmonton, the capital of Alberta where he found a boom-like, prosperous atmosphere. Rather than taking his bride back to New York, he decided on going into the contracting business in Edmonton. This proved a wise decision and, in partnership with a Scotchman named McSporen, a successful enterprise was developed and the company became involved with the building of much of the city of Edmonton in the 1905-1921 era.

He acquired various properties in Edmonton, a brickyard at Medicine Hat and a farm at Vegreville. Their five children, three girls and two boys, were born and lived in the family home he built at the top of Connor's Hill. It stands there as an early landmark yet today. We attended Rutherford school a mile or so away. I recall our wearing fur coats and hats with heavy woolen stockings and Indian moccasins to keep out the severe cold of the Edmonton winters as we walked to school.

At Christmas, with Father, we hiked deep into the woods to select and cut down our Christmas tree and then tug it out between the trees. We bobsledded and tobogganed and learned to ski and skate. In the early spring we hunted the crocus and later the lady slipper, a variety of wild orchid and the wild rose for which Alberta is well known. We picked wild saskatoon, a berry something like a blueberry, and the wild hazel nut akin to the filbert and there were wild raspberries and strawberries. Father trained us to know the nonpoisonous mushrooms which we hunted in the summer on nearby farms.

S: It sounds like a full and interesting childhood.

C: Most summers were spent at our summer place at Seba Beach on Lake Wabamun. We had carriage horses and indeed a 1911 Abbott-Detroit automobile and then a 1914 master six Chalmers seven-passenger touring car with a nonstallable Entz starting system, the last word in autos of that day. If the engine stalled, the eighteen-volt battery system would automatically propel the car over a railroad crossing. The two cars were housed in a brick garage next to the brick

stables complete with an underground gasoline tank and a Bowser gas pump. Service stations were very scarce in that era.

A great treat on occasion was a ride in the new Chalmers across the "low level" bridge over the Saskatchewan River up into the city to one of the Victorian era ice cream parlors with the marble top tables and wire framed chairs, Mother and Father in front and one of the maids tending the four of us in the rear compartment as we all ate ice cream cones. My brother Craig was born the year we left to move to California.

With several servants and a nurse in our household we were a very closely supervised family of youngsters, not permitted to leave the confines of the fenced-in property unaccompanied. But now and then we did slip out. A great event when the snows were gone was to steal our way through the woods to the Edmonton city ski jump, a great timber structure and framework high on a bluff.

I with my older sister Edna would somehow scale the framework and climb and crawl to the very top of the ski jump tower. What a spectacular sight we would have of the great river bottom flats stretching beyond our view. But what a scolding we would get on returning home with our hands, arms, legs and feet full of splinters and slivers from the rough sawn timber.

Another prank was to roll abandoned wagon and equipment wheels off the brow of the cliff at the nearby sand pits and watch them hurtle across the lowlands, sometimes through pasture fences. And there was the time, as we often did, we jumped off the cliff into space to land on sloping sand banks, when somehow this time we started an avalanche of the loose sand and we barely got ourselves out alive.

In the winter's severe weather we had great fun walking home from school on the frozen-over snowdrifts hopefully to fall through at a weak point and then scramble out of the soft snow over our heads. Little icicles would form all over our fur raiments, and the moment we entered the hallway of our warm home the melted droplets would fall on the carpet along the corridor to the cloak stand where we would receive a lecture for loitering along the way with that telltale evidence on hand.

S: Life in Edmonton sounds truly enjoyable.

C: Despite the long, hard and severe winters, it was a most unhappy day in 1921 when we left Edmonton for sunny California with my three sisters and my newborn brother Craig and without my ten-year old dog Rover, born when I was born and our constant playmate through all those years. Also

without our marvelous Edith, a negress who had always been with us from our earliest childhood. Many other maids came and went, but never the loyal and loving Edith whom we all thought of as a second mother. She may have been the only black in Edmonton.

We travelled in the 1914 Chalmers seven-passenger touring car on which had been added a special luggage rack at the rear and a great long storage cabinet along one side, sitting on the long running board and preventing the doors on one side of the car from being opened. It was a complete camping unit for the family of seven, a tent with mattresses, a temperamental gasoline cook stove, bedding, clothes and day-to-day food supply with medicines and all the bare necessities for such a trip.

It was summertime and, but for the dreadful rains in Oregon, a great experience motoring through Leithbridge and on to Blairmore where my father's top superintendent in earlier years, Jim Scott, headed the Royal Northwest Mounted Police unit stationed there to control the rum running and bootlegging between British Columbia, a "wet" province, and "dry" Alberta.

We spent a few days with the Scott family in the barracks and I can clearly recall hearing the occasional bootlegger in a high-powered Cadillac roadster roaring through the night making a run for it after getting through the Crowsnest Pass. Usually on relayed information from Scott's unit they were either caught with higher speed cars or trapped at the next station. On days when Scott's men were back in the barracks, a day would be set aside to destroy all the confiscated liquor and I well remember seeing sack upon sack of full bottles opened or broken on the rocks into Pincher Creek.

On leaving, we travelled to the town of Frank at the foot of Mount Frank where a whole village had perished when the mountainside collapsed on top of it, and over and down the precipitous Crowsnest Pass some 7,000 feet on a narrow roadway where we could see countless numbers of rum runners' roadsters that had been driven over the cliffs to get rid of the evidence.

Before getting to the U. S. border, one of the rear spring main leaves broke at Fernie and we were laid up for days. No replacement part could be found and, finally, the blacksmith at Cranmore made one by hand.

We crossed the U. S. border from Yahk to Bonners Ferry, Idaho, and wound our way through scenic country into Spokane, stopping each evening after a drive of one hundred miles or so. On into Oregon along the then famous Columbia River Highway, one of the finest stretches in the nation and, oh,

so scenic and beautiful. On down through Drain, appropriately named where it rained for days endlessly. What monotony for us kids as we were pent up in our tent on the town's camping grounds. But what a thrill to go out and get soaking wet to pick the ripe prunes and fill our stomachs. We had never seen fruit-bearing trees in the far north.

Then finally came the day in question: Whether the powerful Chalmers touring car with all of its burden could climb the infamous hill at Grant's Pass. Mother and we five got out of the car and our intrepid father at the wheel took a long run at it to gain speed and power and, as he shifted down through the gears, the Chalmers roared over the top. Then we all had to climb the hill on foot. In those days many cars had to be towed to the summit. On down from the red dirt country of northern California to sunny, lush and green southern California.

S: Would you please explain what precipated the move from Canada to California.

C: From the prosperous boom that my family enjoyed from those early turn of the century years on through to the outbreak of World War I, things turned sharply downward in the Western provinces and Alberta ultimately became a bankrupt province. It had a cumulatively conscriptive property tax system in which with the failure of a given property owner to pay his taxes, an assessment for that amount was applied to the adjoining lands.

My father, with considerable holdings, was one of ever so many like victims. He temporarily went to Montana to build structures for the Anaconda Copper Company and I recall, on a visit with my mother, seeing a bank he was building for a sheep raiser named Virgil Blankenbaker at Virgelle, a country town on the Missouri River near Fort Benton, possibly named for him or a family member.

It is fair to say that the western provinces were well behind their counterparts across the border some fifteen or twenty years in general progress. My mother observed the use of one-man streetcars in Great Falls instead of the two-man cars operated by the city of Edmonton at great losses for the taxpayers' account. On return she wrote a letter to the editor of the Edmonton Journal proposing the one-man car as a solution to their money problems.

The night it was published she received a telephone threat on her life. The chief of police sent an officer to spend the night at our home, but with all that, the ever loyal and loving Edith was to spend the night with a great copper "boiler" of boiling water ready to pour from the window that overlooked our entrance gate.

Food was extremely scarce and the rationed food we got was hardly adequate for our growing family. Often there was only bread and jelly for lunch. Father shipped a hundred pound bag of sugar from Montana. By the time it was delivered to our house there was less than twenty pounds remaining after many had helped themselves along the way.

Although Father suffered severe financial reverses, he was able to maintain solvency through it all and, in selling off as he could at a few cents on the dollar and long term payments, he was able to make the move to California and start over from a very small base. Only recently I came to know that the lands he held in Vegreville are perforated with oil wells and Alberta has become Canada's wealthiest province. I have never been back.

S: So this meant starting all over again in California?

C: Mother and Father decided to purchase a lot for a home in Walnut Park, a new subdivision abutting the city of Huntington Park located in the great Walnut Grove portion of the Cudahy Ranch. There were few homes in the new area and the plan was to first build a garage which would house the family while Father built the house. For a while we actually camped on the property while the garage was completed and as our first home progressed, Father started out again on a small scale in the contracting business.

These were vastly different days from the more luxurious life in Edmonton. In a few years the 1929 Depression came. A second home across the street had been completed and things were going well with the family. A small bungalow court rental property had been completed and it, along with the older home, provided some income with business down.

The public schooling in Canada had served as an excellent background for our start in California schools. Phonics or phonetics were used in the teaching of English and very stern discipline was maintained. We were taught military drills and lined up and marched to our classes at the beginning of each day. On entering the Huntington Park schools we were all moved ahead more or less two grades and maintained good grades despite being strangers with our peculiar western Canada brogue.

S: How did the family feel about moving to the United States?

C: Mother was indeed glad and very proud to move into the United States. As a northern Irish woman she did not wish her children to grow up as subjects of the Crown. We did not attend the Church of England and she taught us our prayers and religious teachings at home on Sundays. Significantly she wanted me named for Teddy Roosevelt, then a great

American president. We always shot our firecrackers on the 4th of July, July 1 being Canada's national day of celebration. Mother was a lady of strong character and aggressive ways. We all looked forward to "sunny California" with great pleasure and enthusiasm.

We all ultimately went to Huntington Park Union High School, a wealthy independent union school district that truly had the best of everything for its students as well as being a great sports institution. My older sister went on to UCLA and I, after waiting a year, as a class of '29 grad enrolled and prepared to start at USC for a degree in architecture.

A former USC architecture graduate and business associate persuaded my father and me that I should enter the then new Los Angeles Institute of Architecture and Engineering. I completed my first year and, with the effects of the Depression affecting the family income, dropped out and managed to obtain employment with the Richfield Oil Company's service station chain. My two younger sisters, Portia and Vera, having trained since our California arrival under Ernest Belcher, the noted ballet master, decided they could no longer wait for their ballet debut and went on tour on the Fanchon and Marco circuits. Work in Hollywood musicals followed and Portia toured the Army camps with Edgar Bergen and Sonja Heinie in World War II.

School was easy for me and I was strong in the math and science subjects as well as the liberal arts, usually on the scholarship society and I played soccer, sprinted and broad jumped (now long) and basketball, three years captain. There were no sports in college.

Leaving college after my first year, jobs were impossible. All of my classmates were similarly without money and work. One day on a tip I heard that the Richfield Oil Company might be hiring service station workers. In my interview with the district manager I got the job over hundreds. Sixty-eight hours a week. Open a service station at seven o'clock each morning and close one each night at nine or eleven on weekends. Seven days a week for ninety dollars a month. Time off during the week days in the mid-day. I was thrilled and when I told the gang on the corner that night, they wouldn't believe me and swore that I must have gotten the job through pull at the top of Richfield.

I did well and, curiously, later on was assigned to a new service station near Beverly Hills where I was to assist in the training of the son of Mr. Walsh, the president of Richfield. I had acquired a 1930 Chevrolet roadster to replace my '28 Chevrolet roadster and made a deal with young Walsh to use my car to go home for lunch at his Beverly Hills

mansion in exchange for a fifth of his father's bathtub gin once a week.

I worked on the side at other jobs to help get back to college and in due course leased the company-owned service station at the corner of Santa Barbara and Main Street on the south side of Los Angeles with a partner, Les Bullard, who with his wife and two children had fled the Oklahoma dust bowl to southern California. He ran the station by day and I by nights and weekends. This provided each of us with a regular $135 per month drawing account with a little left over for later distribution.

After two years I was back at college and at times, besides the station work and my part-time work at another station, I was doing the architectural work for various projects, a church, a commercial drive-in barbecue, a residence, a store building, a motor court and various alterations or additions. I was a natural night owl and didn't need to get much sleep and I not only worked hard, studied hard but played hard with the relative prosperity I enjoyed.

I enjoyed school. Schooling was a happy experience, even while working my way through college. After my first year I had to earn my way. I always had a flair for dressing well, a good deal of entertainment and good living, though I worked very hard for the money.

There was no limit to the work or assignments I would take and I sometimes found myself working at the service station and then working over night as what we called an appleknocker. I had a friend my age who was running an apple peeling plant--prepared, peeled and quartered apples for the bakeries of Los Angeles. We peeled these apples through the night and then dipped them in an acid (I've forgotten which acid it is) to keep them white and delivered them to the big bakeries in Los Angeles by the truckloads; they started out around three to four in the morning. Those apples all went into the pies that were baked and consumed the same day all over the city of Los Angeles.

I made forty cents an hour standing there over a monotonous, narrow travelling belt high grading these peeled apple sections, paring a trace of skin or a nick or such, inspecting them and getting them in perfect shape before they went into the dip tanks.

During the course of my college years, Long Beach and Santa Barbara suffered great earthquakes. Structural engineers were in very scarce supply for the rebuilding, so I decided to supplement my architectural training with civil and structural engineering. In doing this, I obtained a cross degree in both fields.

A very important event during these years was a new romance in which I grossly overspent my income on my new girlfriend. I couldn't make an oncoming car payment and decided to refinance my car. I shall never forget the penalty I paid and the usurious interest charges. I determined then that I would never get into such a position again and would never pay interest to anybody in the years to come. This, with the exception of a home mortgage, I have done throughout my life. With the interest that I saved, I've always had "money in my pocket." I have paid cash for everything but only when I could afford it and not until I could afford the best.

Actually, my "workaholic" character and my breadth and depth of experience traced to my earliest years. It started when at the age of seven I carried stakes in a survey party in my father's company and I worked at shingling roofs and carpenter helping. In our neighborhood in California I cut lawns three times over with a hand mower for fifty cents per lawn, one day setting my personal record of cutting fourteen lawns and earning $7.00 for the day, and I had to be good as I was competing with an Indian man named Tony who did superb work for his living and had the best customers in our neighborhood.

Through all my school years I worked for my father, Easter vacation, Christmas holidays and through the summers and most weekends. I learned about all the building trades, working at all of them as helper first and, with increasing skills, as a journeyman. The year I stayed out after completing high school and before entering college, I became an indentured apprentice bricklayer in the Los Angeles Brick Masons and Plasterers International Union Local No. 800. I became a highly skilled bricklayer doing "face work" and learned about stone cutting and setting to earn my journeyman union card. Later on I became a hard or ceramic tile setter. In my father's company I promoted new business and estimated and bid the "jobs." I was always curious with a great desire to learn about everything and my working as a union journeyman prepared me for the years ahead.

At the age of twenty-nine, the end of 1940, when I left for Hawaii, I possessed the experience of a man many years older. In Hawaii the diverse demands of the war years greatly broadened me, as did the next three years away in Norfolk, Boston, Cumana and Maracaibo. I was well qualified and capable for the job ahead with the Dillingham interests following my return in 1946 to Hawaii.

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C: In architecture school I wanted to compete as other students were doing and entered a few national competitions.

The only way I could complete those competitions was by working through the night. I recall many, many months of my life sleeping but four nights a week. The other nights I would often look out one of the drafting room windows at college to discover it was daylight without knowing the night had passed. I'd go to breakfast and get ready for the day classes and likely as not go out on a date that evening.

I thrived on hard work and little sleep. I often said I could sleep on a piano stool or standing in a corner. When I walked on board the ship that was to bring me to Hawaii in 1940, it was to be the first work break in my life for many, many years. A week of rest at sea on the Matsonia... (Interrupted by phone call)

Getting on with this. To bring me up to leaving for Hawaii. Through the years I had a close friendship with two high school pals. One of their fathers had built a major trucking company, one of the finest operations in America. He was an interesting man, self-made. He had put a sizable enterprise together through sheer hard work. Although his son, my friend, tended to be somewhat of a playboy, he saw in me desirable traits in my relationships with his son. He had two sons; my friend and a younger son, who was very much a son of the soil, who gave little indication of developing as a business man and he had this business to hopefully leave for his sons' benefit and for them to perpetuate.

So he decided that I would be the ideal person to bring into the firm to develop as manager of the company rather than either of his sons. At the time, as I was finishing college in 1936, business had not really taken off. The thirties were gathering steam, but there was a good deal yet in question in the fields of architecture, engineering, construction and so forth, and he persuaded me that I ought to think about abandoning my intended career and coming into his business on the basis that.... We'd enter into a five-year agreement in which I would ultimately rise to be manager of the company and indeed would be able to acquire a percentage of ownership in the partnership.

I decided that I would do it. Our agreement could be terminated by either one after the first year and in successive years. Although it was to last but only a year, it was a great experience for me in which I designed and brought about the building of the finest and largest auto and truck service facility in America in the city of Vernon, California. There was tremendous need in this industrial area for the servicing of automotive equipment. I launched this new aspect of the business as an adjunct of the trucking service. This would serve both the needs of the trucking business and the community at large.

In that first year I had dinner with Mr. Tannahill almost every night of the week. He employed a consultant, Mr. Abshire, to serve as my trainer and advisor in my development as an executive. I would see them at least five nights a week. Incidentally, I was called back to my college a year later to speak to the graduating class and I used Abshire to help prepare my address. I realized more and more that he was trying to accomplish with me what he could not accomplish with his sons. He was trying to convert me totally to his way of thinking and doing and he wanted to be absolutely sure. As this experience went on, I realized that this was in a way thwarting my own ability and desire to grow and develop.

S: He was trying to mold you into what he wanted.

C: Precisely. So after a year I left and returned to take hold of my father's business. He was getting on and had always hoped that I would come on and take over his business. I had a younger brother, however, who might. But I realized, too, that with my father as I worked with him, I needed to grow and expand and get into bigger construction operations. He was, after two adverse financial experiences in his lifetime, not so willing to take increased risks and expand again. I realized that I still had to find my way and I really wanted to get into big international construction. I wanted to go out on the Burma Road. War was threatening and I thought that was the place for me to really develop my experience.

Out of the blue, I got a telephone call from a man who was recruiting executives for the Pacific Naval Air Base construction joint venture in Hawaii. They wanted me in particular because (they had really dug into a lot of my background) they knew that I was precisely the person they needed as a superintendent on the Makalapa housing project just outside Pearl Harbor. Here we were to build some 3,000 concrete block and wood residences. This really appealed to me and I decided that I would take up the offer.

That is how I came to Hawaii at the end of 1940. Incidentally, I came at a salary more than twice what I had been earning. It was a tremendous step up, but I had the experience and the ability. At the age of twenty-nine I was hired in a position that men double my age were holding. My peers in the operation looked upon me as a youngster without experience, but I proved my worth and mettle. During the first four months, I was given three substantial raises by those above me. I was a total stranger, bear in mind!

But I was indeed most fortunate to meet and associate with some of the real strong and able men of the construction world. Those were personnel from the Raymond Concrete Pile Company and the Turner Construction Company, both of New

York, who were sent here as the nucleus of the joint venture organization. Two fee contracts for six or seven million dollars to start was a lot of money then, so to speak. This was to grow to be the largest construction contract in the history of the U. S. reaching some $200 million before we got through. It included all of the Pacific Naval Air Bases, Wake, Guam, Midway, Johnston, Palmyra and, of course, all the Hawaiian Islands.

It was a tremendous thrill to come to Hawaii. I had listened by radio to broadcasts from Hawaii on the first crystal sets that I had built in the 1920s in southern California.

My father had travelled through Hawaii. He had circumvented the globe and visited many parts of the earth in his early years. He told me of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and he spoke glowingly of Hawaii. He knew of Duke Kahanamoku and told me of this great athlete. I can still remember arriving at the dock in Honolulu on the Matsonia. The flower leis, the fragrances, my first taste of papaya, my first waking morning with something about the air so pure and exotic it seemed, on a visit to Kemoo Farms Restaurant to have steak and fried bananas. These are thrills that one never forgets.

S: And this was in 1940?

C: The end of 1940. A little less than a year before the bombing. I was very fortunate to meet a man who was a consultant to our organization, Robert O. Thompson, a landscape architect. He was quite widely known in Hawaii. Bob Thompson visited our project every so often as he was involved with the landscape planning and design. I was invited to have a drink at the Pacific Club. There I met Henry Hahn who was president of Pacific Insurance Company. Both of them taking a liking to me, suggested that the club was looking for young members of the Pacific Club and said they'd be happy to sponsor me.

I was then living at Sans Souci in Waikiki, known as the upscale boarding house of the city where many single men and women of better paying positions gathered. It was a fine, well-operated facility, but every night there were cocktails and we'd go on to the Royal or the old Waialae dance pavilion or Giggie Royce downtown on the roof of the Young Hotel. As I said, most of us were well heeled. Life was free and easy, but (laughs) one of the wise things that I did was take up membership and move as a bachelor to the Pacific Club, thereby shedding this ever present opportunity for fun and entertainment.

Bear in mind in those days the opening night at the Waikiki Theater was a formal event. With each new weekly

film it was black tie and white jacket for first nighters. And always at the Royal or the Young roof, a white jacket. The atmosphere and environment of Honolulu then was a lovely, lovely experience. I should add that the presence of the military, the young, mostly unmarried Navy officers and Army officers in their white mess jackets added much to the scene at the Royal. There always seemed to be a good number there and there was much more involvement of the military with the local society then than now. That year before the bombing was a very colorful, enjoyable and memorable year for me. Cuba libres, rum and coke, was the popular drink of the day in Waikiki.

As I recall, the night before the bombing we had a black tie dinner dance at the Pacific Club and carried on far into the night. I think I went to bed around two or three in the morning. I was awakened by one of my neighbors who had come to shake and wake me and tell me he thought I'd better get up. I resisted, but won't get into that now.

To get back to my work here; with the bombing every key civilian was "frozen" and I had no desire to get away. As far as that goes I was very happy here--given new responsibilities and new challenges. My assignment shortly after December 7 was building the bombproof, gasproof, isolatable headquarters for Admiral Nimitz' CINCPAC command, which is located near the edge of Halawa Stream opposite the gate that you now go in to the Arizona Memorial facilities. Right across the way up on the hill is a structure there that we built as his Pacific Command Headquarters. It is bombproof in that the floors are six foot thick, built of reinforced concrete; the walls are four foot thick; the key part of the building, the two main stories, are down in the solid rock. The building down below connects by stairway to the tunnel that goes to Red Hill and Pearl Harbor.

Because of the urgent need to move the Pacific War Command from the submarine base, the project was given highest "priority" in the Pacific and we were to complete the project in six months. There was no limit to the demands I could make to that end.

S: Is the building still in use?

C: Oh, yes. The CINCPAC command, Admiral Ronald J. Hays, is now quartered at Camp Smith, and the Pacific Naval Command, CINCPACFLT, Admiral J. B. Lyons, Jr., is headquartered in that building. It adjoins the senior officer housing area on the rim of Makalapa Crater. At the time of the bombing we had completed two of the first seven senior officers' quarters for admirals' occupancy, and a week or so earlier had moved Admiral Kimmel and Admiral (his name escapes me) into their new homes on the rim of Makalapa Crater.

On Tuesday morning after the Sunday bombing I had driven into the area. We were attempting to regroup and get people back to work and finish all of this housing for the war effort. As I got out of my car and looked up at the entrance to Admiral Kimmel's home, there stood Admiral Kimmel with a man in a black suit, black overcoat on his arm and a black homburg on his head. Kimmel was pointing! Before him lay an open sweep of bare lava and mudrock extending to Kam Highway, the submarine base fencing and beyond that Ford Island and Battleship Row. There lay all the sunken ships! This turned out to be Secretary of the Navy Knox who had just arrived from Washington. If I had had a camera, I'd have had an historic picture of Admiral Kimmel showing him the results of the disaster.

For the record, the same hillside today is densely covered with verdant tropical trees, shrubs and plants which we planted in individual pits and pockets cut in the rocks and filled with red soil hauled from the Wahiawa area. Each pit and pocket was "dug" in the solid mudrock and lava with dynamite and pneumatic "busters."

We were permitted under careful vigilance and security control to work round the clock seven days a week on the bombproof structure. All of the reinforcing steel within the concrete was welded together at every juncture, a very unusual procedure. We had to weld in the open and naturally at night with a battery of dozens of welders working, the welding arc flashes lighted the whole sky above Pearl Harbor. This despite the total blackout of the Islands.

Men, manpower and supervisory people were extremely scarce at the time. I was offered two superintendents to cover the other shifts besides the daytime shift that I would naturally handle. I said, "No, I'll cover all shifts around the clock." I succeeded in doing that. My routine was to get out at around four or five in the morning, go out to the project and spend most of the day there; drive in to the Pacific Club in the middle of the afternoon and by arrangement get an early dinner and go to bed; then get up around nine-thirty at night; go out again and stay from ten o'clock until one or two in the morning. With shift changes late afternoon, near midnight and early morning, I was there at the critical parts of the 24-hour day and I did that for the course of the whole project.

I took my first time off sometime after the project was completed on Christmas Eve of that year. I had worked a year of seven days a week, and for six or seven months of that year covered activities around the clock. But I had the energy and the enthusiasm to do it.

One little thing. With living at the Pacific Club, I missed breakfast before I left. We did have a Japanese fry cook named Matsui who came in to prepare breakfast. There were about forty residents on the grounds of the club then; all bachelors or single men. Matsui found that I was leaving before breakfast time. He inquired of the steward of the club who told him, "Mr. Champion has to leave around four-thirty or five o'clock in the morning. We leave him some coffee over night and that's all he gets before leaving."

So Matsui came to see me and said, "Look, I find there's a bus leaves Moiliili in the blackout at three-thirty in the morning, the first bus. I will come on that bus and get your breakfast." And that was what that fellow did. I'm sure that most of us on the Island didn't know what the next day would bring in the early days after the bombing. We had many loyal workers at the club. They knew us and we knew them, and yet there had to be a question in our minds as to what would happen if an invasion came, and there had to be a question in their minds. This was a small manifestation of the loyal devotion of one who sought to do something for the war effort.

S: Oh, isn't that touching. I've heard a lot of stories about proving their loyalty, but that's one of the most touching.

C: It wasn't in the sense of loyalty alone. It was his way of helping out! He did it for many months and he worked out his hours with the club.

Admiral Nimitz occupied the Kimmel residence located close to the project. Admiral Nimitz was concerned for the health, well-being and physical activity of all of his staff. Right away we put in horseshoe pits and, in due course, got the tennis courts operable. Every morning somewhere around five or five-thirty Admiral Nimitz, with many of his staff, walked down the road past our project and would always exchange the time of day with me and others on the scene. But more particularly, Nimitz would go into the structure and see what was going on, talk to the men and for those whose sons were in action, he'd make a point of speaking to them more often. And in a few cases of men whose sons were lost, he was particularly reassuring and encouraging.

Always in the lead of course, Nimitz would have a half dozen to a dozen senior staff officers with him walking the mile or so to the submarine base office of the Pacific Command; out in front would be the bulging five-star Buick sedan with no one in it but his Filipino aide.

It was sometime after the battle of Midway that we completed the building. Admiral Spruance had become Admiral Nimitz' Chief of Staff in the Pacific war. Spruance

commanded the battle of Midway. We were to turn over the building to Admiral Spruance who personally made the final inspection of that building; every bit of it! Bear in mind that every telephone, every radio or transmission facility, every control that was available in the submarine base was hooked up in the building at a desk whose officer simply had to pick up a few things in hand and move from his desk or station in the submarine base to his place in the new building without any lapse in the command of the Pacific war.

So Spruance, who was known as a perfectionist--known for that through his whole career--got all the way through the final inspection of turning over the building until we got down to the air conditioning area adjoining the steps that connect to the Red Hill tunnel, below the bowels of the building as it were. In that area were two twenty-five ton air conditioning units, each being able to air condition the building on its own; the other, a total backup in case it failed. The building was under air conditioning at the time, operating on one unit. A mechanic was busy working on the reserve unit. Admiral Spruance asked what he was doing. A foreman said that a bearing was running hot and he was checking it out. At that point he exclaimed, "The turnover will be delayed forty-eight hours or until the bearing is replaced." Just like that. And we were within minutes of the total turnover! That was an example of the absolute no-risk policy of Admiral Spruance. I'll always remember it. The building was turned over when that bearing was replaced and in operation and tested.

Well, from there I was called to work within the Navy yard. There must have been 3,000 of our construction workers in the Navy yard. We also had some 2,000 in the Makalapa area outside the Navy yard. In one area of the Navy yard, called Sand Island or Kuahua Island, adjoining the submarine base, the superintendent in charge had developed some real problems in some of the buildings. He was not competent for the job and I was sent in to take hold and get some of the procedures and operations straightened out. This I was able to do to the surprise of some of my elders.

Then I was assigned to go to Maui to handle the construction of the Air Base at Kahului, the present airport on Maui. There was an also airstrip at Puunene and we had certain work to do on it. We built a whole new base at Kahului. The war was wearing on and we brought that project to a point of having completed two 1,000-man barracks, facilities and mess halls and a major portion of the runways. On the given day two battalions of Seabees arrived bag and baggage. They moved ashore and had hot dinners in those mess halls that evening. We turned over that project to the Seabees to complete as training experience before going out in the Pacific theater.

We had a marvelous experience with the people of Maui where the community leaders did all possible to help us in the war effort. Bill Walsh, Buster Burnett, Ward Walker, Richard Baldwin, "Chu" Baldwin, Ed Walsh and Dr. Jiggs McArthur stand strong in my memory for their help and guidance, and my associations with Ed Mitchell as my big boss on the project led to a warm and lasting friendship. The Maui hospitality was overwhelming. Maui no ka oi.

I then went back to the Navy yard to take over from the man who had been in charge of all the Navy yard construction. I was there several months winding down those operations. I had always wanted to get with one of the major, big-time construction companies and I was approached by the Raymond Concrete Pile Company, one of the two original partners with Hawaiian Dredging Company. (They were in it with Raymond and Turner.) It ultimately grew to eight partners; Bechtel, Morrison-Knudsen, Birne, Pomeroy and Utah.

As a result of my performance--it hadn't gone unawares--Raymond Concrete Pile Company approached me and indicated they would like me to join their permanent organization out of New York City. They were the major international construction contractor of United States going into World War II. I decided to do that although there were all kinds of opportunities for me to remain in Hawaii.

Meanwhile I had married Gladys Ivy Lambert on March 6, 1943, (we'll come back to that). My wife dearly loved the Islands and in no way wanted to leave. But I said that there was no way I wanted to continue working for the government. I wanted to get out into the private business world and that I would never be happy otherwise.

S: Was this about 1946, after the War?

C: This was 1943.

S: Oh, the war was still on.

C: I had been frozen here all the while and had made inquiries at that time about going into the Navy and Officer's Candidate School. At that juncture of the war, there wasn't an interest, so I was free to move on. I've forgotten how that worked as far as the draft was concerned, but I was not then required to enlist.

So I convinced my new wife that this was what I just had to do and she somewhat reluctantly went along with it. We left here in a convoy of a handful of ships on the old Permanente, a freighter with some passenger space. Destroyer escort (DEs) ships accompanied us. We were two unhappy

people when we passed Diamond Head. It was a very unhappy day.

Two nights before we sailed, Commodore Hildebidle, with officers Heaman and Drustrup of the Bureau of Yards and Docks came to our home. I had worked with them and we knew them socially. They attempted, in the presence of my wife, knowing her sentiments for the Island, to persuade me to remain here to take over the major public works construction shop in the Navy yard. It was a big operation. They said they had made a special arrangement in Washington whereby they would be able to hire me on what they said was a salary higher than admiral's pay. It had all been worked out. All I had to do was say yes, for they really needed me. It was hard to sit there and tell them no.

"You mean you'd turn down at your age an admiral's salary?" I said, "Yes, and I'm only going to be getting half of that where I'm going, but this is what I intend to do." And that's what I did.

Ostensibly, I was leaving to go to Curacao for the Raymond Concrete Pile Company; of course, going by way of some orientation and indoctrination at their offices on Wall Street in New York City. I was to go to the island of Curacao where the partnership of Raymond with Bechtel was moving a refinery from Holland. They were actually cutting it apart in Holland with torches and putting it on several ships to rebuild the refinery in Curacao in the middle of the war. I was going there to be field superintendent under Harry Lotz, a Raymond man I had met here.

As it turned out, when I got to New York, Raymond had just been awarded the first of the lump sum contracts that were to come with the war wearing on. The Army and Navy were trying to get away from costly fee contracts. Raymond had competitively bid the building of the new destroyer escort base in Norfolk, Virginia. It was a six-month project with very heavy penalties for not completing it in time. So they really had to quickly gather a project organization and I was one who was available. The first week on the job was a disaster. Overnight the crew on one of the floating cranes did not anchor it properly and with the falling tide...

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 2

January 15, 1987

C: I started to tell you about the first week on the project, which was a disaster. I was in charge of all the water-side operations on the project. The marine phase was the principal part of it. We were, with one of our floating cranes, busy pulling an old line of piles, wooden, broken piles, where we were going to replace it with a new bulkhead. The rig was anchored on Saturday afternoon for the

weekend, when I got a call in the middle of the night that the rig had sunk and was sitting on the bottom of the bay.

We got down into the hull of the sunken crane and found that a broken pile had puncutured the hull as the tide receded. Not only did the hull have a hole in it, but as it sank to the bottom of the bay, the broken pile extended several feet upwards. This situation required that the hull had to be pumped free of water in a manner that would cause the rig to float upwards until it cleared the top of the broken pile. Obviously, the moment it cleared the top of the pile, the sea water would wash in and cause it to sink again! A problem to be solved indeed!

We decided to dam off an area of the hull from the bottom of the hull to the deck; as it were, create a coffer dam within the hull itself. Then, having sealed that area off, start pumping water out of the main hull. We got it off and on to the shipyard for repair. But it had taken us through Saturday, all day Sunday and into Sunday night--without sleep on my part and the many men who worked with me. I shall never forget the nausea and headaches working those long hours in the stench of that poorly-ventilated old hull, and the attendant noxious gases from our fuel-powered dewatering pumps. A great introduction to the Raymond Concrete Pile Company! But it was to continue.

That project turned out to be the most catastrophic project the company had experienced in their whole history. Everything went wrong in every way for the entire life of the project. The site was in Norfolk Harbor just off Cape Hatteras at the mouth of the James River. It is known to be a terribly turbulent waterway with the storms that come down the James and those that develop off of Cape Hatteras. A project that was to have been completed in six months required a year to accomplish.

It, too, was a disaster, financially, for the company. At one time or another every expert in the whole Raymond organization came to visit the project. We had extreme difficulty driving the concrete sheets, we had subsurface formations that were not contemplated, and in places it was near impossible to drive the piles. There was endless foul weather. But we did get the job done. The Navy recognized the effort that we made and, through the complete detailed diary of the history of the project that I maintained, we recovered in settlement approximately one million dollars, considerably more than the amount of the original contract.

Unfortunately, the War Manpower Commission had declared Norfolk an open area just before we took the contract, so labor that had been frozen in the area was able to leave to go elsewhere. When we moved in, we found a very, very scarce labor market. Recruitment of the work force was a difficult

one and, indeed, it was a very inefficient one. They were the bottoms of the employment market.

S: They didn't know it at the time, but it sounds as if they invented Murphy's Law--everything that could possibly go wrong, did. Right? (laughter)

C: It really did, but again it was in many ways a great experience for me. Norfolk gets down to freezing in the winter. I recall the experience of going overboard out in the bay wearing woolen underwear and a woolen mackinaw. I was pulled out by other men on the boat. Soaking wet I had to drive about twenty miles to my home in Ocean View near Virginia Beach to change. I was amazed to find out that the woolen underwear, soaking wet in freezing weather, was a perfect insulant. I was quite warm the whole trip home. Unbelievably, the wool as an insulant, even though wet, retained the heat of my body.

We slept with one eye on the barometer throughout the life of the project because of the terrible stormy conditions; sometimes we would have only a half hour's warning. The Navy was very helpful and cooperative on weather information, but in the middle of the night we might only have half an hour to get out and get all of the floating equipment ashore, get it into the safest parts of the harbor with a great storm coming right down the James River. We knew we were going to be hit any hour of the day or night. At any time we could anticipate a call, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

S: Any season, too.

C: Oh yes, through virtually all of the project. Although, speaking of seasons, I recall the spring in Norfolk. We were there a whole year, as I said, when we didn't expect to be. The soft shell crabs in abundance and the Norfolk Spots are there for only a matter of a few weeks when they run, but they were there by the thousands. You'd just go out and pull those little fellows in. There were some pleasant aspects, too, in our Norfolk trials!

Norfolk, like every other port city in the United States, was a difficult community during wartime. Just too many people in too small an area. Everything was hard to get. My wife stood in long lines in the grocery stores. Everything was difficult. You could not acquire anything you really needed with any ease.

From that project I was told (because it had taken us a year and the Curacao refinery project had moved along during that period) that I would be assigned to another foreign project. I started getting my passport in order to leave the country. In wartime, of course, travel was always very

carefully scrutinized. As I was born in Canada, it opened a question in the channels of the Justice Department. They questioned whether I really was an American citizen.

I was born in Edmonton, Alberta, of an American father as I related earlier. I always understood that we children had grown up (in my case until the age of ten and left Canada) as American citizens, born of an American father. Well, bureaucracy, I suppose, was at work. The State Department agreed and was quite willing to issue the passport if the Justice Department would indicate my validity as a citizen. This, over a period of a year, they failed to do, and finally determined that once when my mother took me to Montana, she had not registered me on leaving and returning to Canada. I lost my right to U. S. citizenship.

While in Norfolk, I had to start from scratch to document all of the hours and days of my life with three witnesses for every bit of my lifetime up until then. This would cover every place I had been, with testimony of witnesses that they had known me in that particular locality. I had to get a police clearance in each community. There was other red tape connected with it. This I was able to do. I even got the testimony of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada who had been my father's lawyer in earlier years and had always known us as children of an American in Edmonton.

Nevertheless, I wound up having to become a naturalized citizen and in sixty days in Norfolk I accomplished this. The judge who presided over the swearing in ceremonies that day singled me out to commend me on this remarkable accomplishment of having in sixty days' time developed my eligibility and documented my case to gain my citizenship.

By this time I was scheduled to manage a new project in Venezuela but, owing to some government upheaval, my assignment was postponed and I was sent up to Boston as a superintendent on the installation of a revolutionary method of driving deep caissons to support the new Boston Edison power plant being built on the Mystic River at Charlestown just outside the city. From there, still waiting for government problems to clear, I went to a project in Meriden, Connecticut.

Ultimately I left the country to build the new port facilities in Cumana, Venezuela. Cumana is the easternmost tip of the country, directly opposite Trinidad, and the point at which the Spaniards first landed in 1493. It is largely a fishing port. That was a unique experience for me, in itself, because it was a case of operating under extreme, remote and rather minimal living conditions in a Spanish speaking area without knowing any Spanish. In the few weeks before I went to Cumana, I acquired a recorded Spanish course

and worked on it as I could, but from the time I arrived in Venezuela I had to make my way the best I could, increasingly learning Spanish. I found help in talking to the children. I could better understand what they said than adults.

S: Did your wife go on all these travels with you?

C: Well, that's the part of the story that brought me back to Hawaii as it turned out. She did go to Norfolk with me and, as I said, the Norfolk experience was a difficult one from the standpoint of living comfort after Honolulu. She was to have accompanied me to Cumana but that never came about.

S: She went to the Boston and the Connecticut ones, too?

C: Because my departure could happen at any time, we concluded that it was better that she return to the West Coast where her parents lived and stay there rather than jumping around the country with me while I was awaiting a foreign assignment. Then she would leave to go wherever my major assignment took me.

As it turned out, housing in Cumana was hopeless. One of the well-to-do businessmen of the community, Senor Berrizbettia, said that he would build a home so that my wife could come and be with me. Well, that home did not get built during the whole year that I was there. Things just don't happen in any manner of haste. The result was that Gladys was not able to be with me in Cumana.

After finishing the Cumana project, I returned to the United States, reported to the New York office, and rejoined Gladys in Long Beach where I had throat surgery as an aftermath of a near fatal throat infection in Venezuela. At that time we agreed (as between having had the year's experience in Norfolk (laughs) and another year of separation while I was in Cumana) we were going to return to Hawaii.

I had at that time committed to Raymond to go back to Venezuela to handle a project in La Guaira. As a matter of principle, I agreed with Gladys I could not leave them at that juncture, that I had to return to Venezuela, get the project underway, and at whatever point was the practical one, then leave the company.

S: You had to fulfill that commitment.

C: I felt that I must do that. As it developed, typical of all Central and South American countries, there was more government turbulence. Again the project was held up and I was instructed to take on a project on Lake Maracaibo. This was a high-voltage transmission line from Cabimas to

Bachaquero suspended on towers in shallow water along the southern shoreline of Lake Maracaibo. The project was to be a short-term one (a matter of four or five months, as I remember) and we finished it in good time.

Meanwhile I had communicated with Gladys that all was going well and that I would see her in Hawaii in due course. We had agreed that she would return to Hawaii after spending some time with her folks in Long Beach. Inasmuch as we were agreed on returning to Hawaii, she felt that she would like to leave early. It was yet wartime, housing was difficult, everything was difficult. She felt that she would be able to find us an apartment to live in and also ship the car from the West Coast and it would be there available for me when I returned.

S: Was this 1945 yet?

C: Late '45. On the day I completed the transmission line project, I was just turning the latch in my door on this Sunday afternoon with my bag and baggage packed, ready to go across the lake on the ferry to Maracaibo to depart for the USA, when up drove Mr. Hunt, the man who was in charge of all operations in Venezuela, out of Raymond's Caracas office. "What are you doing here?" I asked. He said, "I thought I'd come out and pay you a visit." "Well, you know, I'm all through. I'm headed for Maracaibo right now in that car that's sitting there." "Well, won't you give me a few hours. We'll tour the project and look it over." I could do nothing else. He had just come in unannounced and it was a very unusual situation. I had expected to see him in Maracaibo at some point in time in the next week or two, before leaving for Hawaii.

So we toured the project and had a nice visit. Before we got on the ferry to go across to Maracaibo, he told me that as a result of an incident that had occurred in Maracaibo in which three of our key people had been held for ransom during an uprising the past Christmas and the company having had to get them out of the country, he on a personal basis was asking me to temporarily fill in at Maracaibo as the district manager for the company. In the limited time that I'd been in Maracaibo, I'd had a good relationship with Mr. Hunt and I said, "I really was planning to leave to get back to Hawaii, but for you, I'll do it."

Well, weeks became months and repeatedly I was informed that the new district manager would be there to relieve me until, finally, six months later I wrote an ultimatum letter to the New York office telling them that if that man was not there, that I was locking the office and leaving. I felt I'd been really put upon.

A letter then came back from Henry Boeschen, the man who was to become president of Raymond, telling me that in no way were they prepared for me to leave the company and return to live in Hawaii. Whatever had happened, amends would be made; and anything that I was unhappy with in any manner would be adjusted. I had in my letter indicated that over the two-year period my wife had not been able to be with me and there had been an understanding that she would be. He said that he would come and meet me in Maracaibo and settle all accounts so that everything would be right.

When he got there, he told me that they had a real problem in handling a major refinery that was just getting underway on the Paraguana peninsula on the northern tip of Venezuela where the Dutch Shell Oil Company had decided to build a refinery instead of transshipping the oil from the Maracaibo Lake basin to Curacao. This was a tremendously challenging project because it was 200 miles out at the end of the world; a barren, wind-swept peninsula on which there's no vegetation, and the only sign of life a few Venezuelan Indians. There was 200 miles of water line needed to reach the tip of the peninsula and everything connected with it was of quite gigantic proportions. Raymond had decided because of the difficulties they were experiencing on the project, that I was the guy to go out there and do it.

By telephone from Boeschen in Caracas, I agreed to meet him on the project. "There's nothing that you can ask for that we won't grant." I said, "No. My mind is made up. I've spent two years, and particularly this year, away from my wife. I just cannot do it." He said, "I want you to sleep on it overnight and talk to me in the morning." When I saw him at breakfast, I said, "There's no change. I'm going to go back to Hawaii."

Ostensibly, I had planned to go into the contracting business myself because I was sure that there was going to be lots of opportunity in Hawaii.

S: Because the war was over at this point?

C: This was then July or August of 1946 when I got back to Hawaii. Having wound up with Raymond, and filed completion reports with the company and having done everything that I properly should do, I came on to Hawaii and joined Gladys who by then had been waiting for me in Honolulu for a whole year.

The night I arrived, my old CPNAB boss A. A. Carswell (Archie), who coincidentally within the previous year had been named vice president of the Hawaiian Dredging Company, met me. He was my big boss earlier on in the CPNAB (Contractors Pacific Naval Air Bases) joint venture and was back in Hawaii as a vice president for the Dillingham

interests. I read of the appointment in the Wall Street Journal while in South America. I wrote him a note and said, "Gee, I see you're going to Hawaii. I'll be on hand to greet you when you get there." I then thought I was soon to be back in Hawaii. As it turned out, he met me with my wife and his wife and indicated the Dillingham interests wanted me to join their organization.

I said, "I'm not interested in employment with anybody, Archie. I'm anticipating going into business myself, but in any event I've committed myself to six months of simple rest and recreation and during that period determining just precisely what I'm going to do." He then said, "Well, Champ, I think you can at least give us your word that you will talk to us before you might talk to anybody else if you change your mind about going into business." I said, "That's very easy for me to do. Certainly, Archie, knowing you as I do."

As time passed, and for the first time in my life, through this inactivity and taking my time in sizing up what was going on in the Islands and not being under any stress of any kind, I put on thirty-five pounds of weight. It was the first time in my life I had ever carried an extra pound. I was thirty-five years of age.

S: You'd been so busy up until then there hadn't been time for two ounces to get together on you. (laughs)

C: That's right. Truly. Those foreign projects! I won't go into detail, but the problems we had in every way. Venezuela was a very difficult country. You could not go to bed at night knowing that anything would happen that should happen the following morning. You could get up to a strike amongst the workmen or some ridiculous failure or incident of most any kind. A land of unending frustration. Once they walked off in the middle of a concrete pour and I with my Yankee supervisors had to finish the job.

S: That's what I mean. You were not only physically active, but you had all this mental, this stress, all this on going all the time. Then you got here and just "laid back."

C: That's right. During this, Archie Carswell called one day and said, "You know, I'm going out to do a survey of the outer Islands to decide what the Hawaiian Dredging Company should do in the way of starting out in its postwar business activity; whether we should locate an office in Hilo or anywhere on the outside Islands, and what our outside or Neighbor Island prospects are."

He said, "You may as well come along with me and work as a consultant." I knew something of the outside Islands, having been involved with the airbase at Kahului. I said, "That sounds interesting." It was also going to be

informative for me. So we spent two or three weeks with some real time on each Island. Talked to the plantation people and all the sources of information that we thought would be useful.

When we came back, I had some reports to prepare for Archie, which I would complete and turn over to him. When I had done this, he said, "Well, now that you've gotten involved with our activities, and there's lots of unfinished business, why don't you consider that you're on the payroll of Hawaiian Dredging Company?"

By this time some three months had passed, and by this time I realized that every Tom, Dick and Harry imaginable was in the construction business. Many small contractors. Many of them were men I knew from working with them earlier. Many would not really know what they were doing in contract construction.

As I summed it up, I would have to survive a great deal of irresponsible competition (the contracting world is a highly competitive one) and there would be a lot of something less than knowledgeable competition. I concluded that it was not a good time. As it turned out, my judgment was pretty right. Almost every one of those Tom, Dick and Harrys that I had identified, in the years that followed, sooner or later went broke; bankrupt, out of business. There were a few whose principals I knew that succeeded; such companies as Nordic Construction and American Electric (AMELCO) are examples.

S: Were these basically fellows who thought, "Boy, things are going to boom after the war. We're-going-to-make-a-fast buck-type operations?"

C: Yes. During the war years everyone had a job. Many, without any knowledge of construction, worked wherever they could best be utilized. Having worked in construction for a time and with the abundance of demand in the postwar years, many of those without breadth or depth of experience became contractors and failed as competition developed.

S: But they didn't have the grand picture.

C: No, they didn't have the necessary experience to carry on successfully. This resulted in my continuing with the Hawaiian Dredging Company and entering their employment. I was given the position of General Superintendent. They were organizing for the postwar years and had made Lowell Dillingham, Ernest Gray and Archie Carswell the key executives under Charles F. Weeber. There was no more senior position available to me.

S: When you went with Hawaiian Dredging, was this late 1946 or early 1947?

C: That was late 1946. Something like August or September, 1946.

A few years later, however, I did join with P. L. Moody to acquire the remnants of a partnership formed by a group of haole bricklayers who had worked on Tripler Hospital that called themselves Associated Masons. We took over their assets and incorporated the business known as Associated Masons, Ltd. In the years that followed we added several subsidiaries and became dominant in the masonry and insulation subcontracting field. With growing success of the company, a conflict of interest developed and I sold my interest to Moody.

Also with Mrs. Champion, Kona Enterprises, Ltd. was established and for twenty-five years we operated a successful resort merchandising facility in Kailua-Kona, known as Kona Casuals.

S: Where did you and Gladys live when you came back here?

C: Gladys had combed this community and I mean walked the streets of Waikiki daily, talking to people, trying to find a place for us to live. By golly, she succeeded in persuading Jay Smith (a man who owned a number of apartments in Waikiki) to let us have a relatively new apartment on the corner of Niu and Ala Wai. It was a two-bedroom apartment and she was set up in housekeeping when I returned. Meanwhile, she had shipped her own car from the West Coast to Honolulu and on my arrival I had a nearly new car to get around in. Autos were impossible at the time.

Later, after some months, we succeeded in getting into a larger home (it was still a two-bedroom home) but much larger on a good part of an acre of ground in the lower Makiki area; part of the old Dole family property. We lived there until we bought our first home a few years later in Waialae-Kahala's first subdivision.

I started with the Hawaiian Dredging Company. It had an adjunct company called the Hawaiian Contracting Company. That company dealt in road and utility work and all of the things that the Hawaiian Dredging Company didn't do. Neither company was highly developed in building construction; that is, they did not have much depth. They had, however, from time to time built such buildings as the [Honolulu] Academy of Arts, the Federal Building downtown and some others around the community. From a profit standpoint, I was to learn, those were not very successful ventures in the building business. They were strong in road building, utilities and all maritime-related operations.

Our postwar mission in the Dredging Company was to build a strong, efficient and competitive organization, not only in management and administration, but in the field organization and, in particular, an additional strong capability in buildings, housing and structures of every kind. I brought with me an extensive, broad experience based on a background of having worked in almost every phase of the construction business since the age of eight in field operations, engineering architecture, management, administration, cost efficiency and control and the ability to develop productive organizations and unique methods.

Prewar and wartime practices in the local construction industry almost universally utilized haoles in supervisory capacities such as superintendents, general foremen and foremen. As I got underway in my new work, I realized more and more that the Japanese working in the industry through the war years had acquired the knowledge, skills and experience to qualify them as key employees. Selectively we were able, as we expanded, to acquire many who were known for their war years' performance. Many of them, most fortunately, remained through the years to retirement and have risen to the top in the Hawaiian Dredging Company. They are well known and respected throughout the industry. They truly were in a major way the source of our great success and strength.

I might note here that by the end of 1940 very few Chinese remained as skilled craftsmen in the building trades; the Japanese were coming on and dominated the postwar years until recently, and now the Filipinos have come on in numbers. I cannot recall there being a single Filipino journeyman construction mechanic in 1941. The Portuguese continue to be strong in the plumbing, machinery and electrical fields.

I can recall a call from Bob Muller, the operating head of HC&D (Honolulu Construction and Draying Company) often confused with HD&C (Hawaiian Dredging and Construction Company), who told me of the successes he had observed in my maximum utlization and upgrading of Japanese supervisory personnel, and wanted to know more about it. He stated that at that time they had a Japanese who had most skillfully run their quarry operation for some twenty years, and he felt that he was entitled to the appointment "Quarry Superintendent," but he needed ammunition to sell the proposal "upstairs" in the company, for they had not previously had a Japanese in that capacity. He sold it and this fellow went on to an outstanding performance.

Within a few years we had progressively expanded and developed the company's capabilities to reach a dominant position in all construction in Hawaii. At the heart of this

was a field cost control system I established whereby we had daily and weekly knowledge of every element of expenditure, and an accurate monthly projection of costs to complete each project and the profits to be made. Bear in mind this was the late forties and early fifties, long before the era of the computer.

Of course, dredging operations had tailed off tremendously with the close of the war. As time went along, Lowell Dillingham (he always was destined to head the company and had served his apprenticeship well under the tight-fisted and heavy-handed Charlie Weeber, executive vice president of the corporation) realized that with the great wartime activities of the company and the new capabilities we had developed postwar, we ought to be looking further out in the Pacific. We had operated on such islands as Johnston, Midway and Wake, Guam and Palmyra in the CPNAB joint venture.

END OF TAPE 2/SIDE 1

C: We reached out and bid such lump sum contracts as the redevelopment of Johnston Island. Johnston Island was then under the Air Force. We won that contract and we won many other such contracts in the Pacific islands area. We then started to look beyond the Pacific area.

I'm not sure just where this fits time wise, but we were successful in joint venture in bidding the dredging of the Suez Canal under [Gamal] Nasser, then the head of Egypt. At that time there was an untoward relationship between Egypt and the United States and our involvement in that contract with two other American dredging companies was not looked upon kindly by the U. S. State Department.

Lowell Dillingham and Bob Pomeroy of J. H. Pomeroy Company were then successful in negotiating a major contract for the construction of a new port works in oil-rich Kuwait; that really was a major step in involving us in international construction.

S: Approximately, when would this be? In the 1950s?

C: I'll have to do some checking. Nineteen fifty-seven and 1958. I spoke of our taking on various contracts in the Pacific islands. One of the major ones was on the island of Guam. Guam was an island on which our military was quite active after the Japanese peace.

S: They realized they had to keep a foothold there forever.

C: Right. Even more than that. But the Navy had continued in fee contract work with the joint venture known as Utah,

Brown, Pacific Maxon. By then the Navy decided they should go out to open bidding on the project and Hawaiian Dredging Company with Pomeroy and Koster and Wyeth, a small Guam contractor, was successful in the bidding. It was an extension of the airstrip at Andersen Air Force Base and several new naval facilities. Thus started an era that lasted some fifteen years of continuous operations on Guam.

In the meantime, the joint venture of Hawaiian Dredging, Pomeroy and Bechtel was awarded the construction of the naval base at Subic Bay in the Philippines on a fee contract. That one was sought by many major construction companies of the nation.

S: That was a big one!

C: It really was. It was ultimately to approach some $200 million in expenditures. We hear talk now of how it will take something like a couple of billion to replace Subic and Clark [Air Force Base] if we get into trouble in the Philippines.

However, along in there, we not only had these major fee contracts, Subic Bay and the Midway Island early warning system installations which we had been granted under real difficult competition on a fee contract basis, but we had successfully bid new major lump sum contract construction at Barber's Point. What developed was the fact that the Hawaiian Dredging Company, at that point, had a monopoly on all naval construction going on in the Pacific area. This produced lots of lobbying efforts on "the hill" in Washington from our competitors. The Armed Services Committee appointed a dollar-a-year three-man commission to come to Hawaii and find out what was going on. This commission was particularly concerned with the award of the Midway contract.

In our proposal we agreed to complete the project in, I think, eighteen months time. This meant an expenditure of something in excess of a million a month to do it. Our rivals said that we couldn't do it; that we were too much involved with everything else in the Pacific; we didn't have the capacity.

The dollar-a-year commission came to Hawaii, looked us all over, held in-depth talks, went back and endorsed the award of the Midway project to our company as being the most qualified of anyone. So we really gained tremendous momentum and capacity in handling these major operations all at one time.

We then started thinking in terms of such countries as Australia and New Zealand and parts of Asia. Japan, of course, was a closed door, but we did have a dredge in Japan on a U. S. fee contract. That dredge was later used on the

Suez Canal, and later while at work in the port of Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam was sunk by enemy action.

In most cases we operated in joint ventures. We successfully bid the Kuala Lumpur Airport with J. H. Pomeroy and an English company, Gammon Malaya, as a local partner in what was then called Malaya. We successfully bid the construction of five ports in Indonesia under Sukarno. We negotiated in fee contract with the U. S. Navy the building of the Thai air bases. That was a joint venture with H. B. Zachary and Kaiser. We successfully bid, again in joint venture with Pomeroy, the construction of the Jurong docks in Singapore. All in all, we really grew and grew and got bigger and bigger. We became one of the Fortune 500 companies and one of America's largest construction companies.

Along about 1960 we decided that the time was right to take a second look at Australia. We had made a pass at it in the fifties, but our man recommended against it with the preponderance of government work being done by government employed labor. (Interrupted by phone call)

In 1959 we put George Turner in Australia for several months. He travelled around the country and got enthused about our tendering some major works that were soon to be bid. I then went down and concurred with him and so decided that we would bid our first major project in Australia, the rehabilitation of the Mount Isa Railroad running from Townsville through Mount Isa to Duchess, a stretch of some 800 miles through one of the more dismal outback areas of Australia.

In that again, we had in partnership the Pomeroy Company and an Australian partner, a Melbourne company named Haunstrup in which we found the kind of people we'd like to be associated with. With the successful bidding of the railway and the development of our interest in other projects in Australia, we reached the conclusion that we would, in what they call a public takeover, go into the market and seek to buy the controlling stock in the Haunstrup Company.

The Haunstrup Company was formed by a Dane some forty or so years earlier somewhere in the 1920s, a Dane who had come out as the representative of the Schmid Cement interests. Schmid has been known down through time as the most able manufacturers of cement production equipment; mills, kilns, all of the elements that go to produce a bag of cement.

Haunstrup had gone back to his headquarters in Denmark and given his recommendations to establish in Australia. They decided against it, but he was so enthused that he left Schmid, moved to Australia, set up a business himself and built a very successful company. He brought the first

reinforced concrete know-how to Australia and did some very interesting concrete projects; silos and water tanks, paper mills and that sort of thing. He expanded into marine construction and other industrial facilities.

We were successful in taking over the company and thus were established in Australia as a resident company in their business world. We went on from that to acquire other companies, Australia's only local dredging company and a couple of shipyards. In five years we had built our volume in the country to something like $50 million U. S.

Parallel with that we were looking at things in New Zealand and although initially we did not get involved in construction, we did get into a tug and barge operation, and then into dredging. In due course, we became involved with many other construction projects in N. Z. In Australia, we later acquired a small shipping line that served the northwest coast of Queensland.

I pioneered, established and developed the operations in Australia for Dillingham Corporation from 1960 onward until 1967. I had, through the years, realized and recommended that it would be best for the Australian operations if we could develop an Australian as a top man. We went out on two national search efforts and came down to no satisfactory result in either case. We did not find the Australian, you might say, that we were looking for. Interestingly, some of Australia's top executives were not too interested in Dillingham because we weren't involved with "the land" in Australia.

During these years I had gotten on very well in the Australian business world, had become widely known across the whole country and indeed, through my personal efforts and behavior, had created favorable widespread perceptions of the Dillingham interests as newcomers to Australia. But for my earlier understanding with the company and my own commitment to my wife that Hawaii would always be my home, it was logical and most desirable that I should reside in Australia, but that in the circumstance would not be the case.

I had on several occasions invited Ben Dillingham, brother of Lowell Dillingham, the president of the corporation, to visit Australia and New Zealand to see our operations. Although most other executives of the company had visited many times, Ben had deterred until one day he told me he would do it. I escorted him from Sydney through Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth and up through the Kimberleys in west Australia's outback, on to Darwin and the northern territory across the great outback of Queensland to Brisbane and Sydney.

Out of Darwin we looked over three large cattle ranching properties, known in Australia as stations, in which I was interested to purchase and get Dillingham "on to the land." On arrival in Sydney I executed the agreement to purchase the more than 900,000 acre Mountain Valley properties with 5,000 head of cattle based on a "bang tail muster" count. In the unfenced outback stations, the cattle are rounded up and driven through a control point at which the tip of each tail is chopped off and delivered to the buyer to verify the size of the herd.

Had we accomplished this earlier, it no doubt would have provided the incentive to attract a top Australian to head the operation, which by now had become a smaller version of the parent Dillingham. We had expanded into a diverse operation of building high-rise structures, housing, tunnels, dams, railroads and bridges, dredging, property development, shipyards, industrial plants, mills, tugs and barges, and mining, spread over an area greater than the size of the United States from New Guinea through Australia, Tasmania and into New Zealand. With all this growth, organization, development, and acquisitions of small companies, we had become increasingly profitable through the fourth, fifth and sixth years.

Ben Dillingham was aghast. He could scarcely absorb and believe what he saw in contrast to what he had read in following our reports as he sat in the corporate board meetings in Honolulu.

On return to Honolulu he enthusiastically proposed to his brother Lowell that he would like to move with his family to Australia and take over as head of Dillingham "down under." He had been head man in the railroad company before it was merged into Hawaiian Dredging to become Dillingham Corporation in 1961.

George Wheaton, who had recently been brought in as executive vice president to shoulder operations responsibility and thus relieve Lowell Dillingham in that area, supported the move, but without realistically having acquired a working understanding and knowledge of "down under" operations. I endorsed the move on the basis that the presence of a member of the Dillingham family could be most helpful to our growing status in Australia.

We had up to then done remarkably well in winning Dillingham acceptance and respect across the continent by operating on a low-key, steadily expanding basis without, as the Aussies put it, "doing any hornblowing" with a great American company behind us. We let our performance demonstrate our worth. In that period of seven years that I covered Australia along with all our other international operations, we had truly become an admired and respected

U. S. company, increasingly becoming known across the nation as a local operation; not an easy accomplishment amongst a people who see everything as requiring the Australian touch to truly be right. A similar situation was growing in New Zealand where we were dredging a harbor, building a steel mill, operating a shipyard and redeveloping a sizable part of downtown Auckland.

From there as I turned over the operations to Ben, the decision was made in Honolulu that its annual volume must be immediately doubled and he was given that charge. Many things went wrong from there onward but that's another story, not mine. Simply too much, too soon, without management know-how and control.

To get on with my own activities. During this period while I was so substantially concerned with building up Australia, I also covered activities in New Zealand and on up through Asia. I represented the company in all of our numerous southeast Asia joint ventures. We were also building the Saigon water works in Vietnam during that war.

With the arrangement of Ben going to Australia, I was then to spend much more time at Honolulu headquarters and take over various activities that Ben had handled at the corporate level, and thus served for several years as a staff vice president in Honolulu, leading up to my retirement in 1976.

I've sort of skipped about, but to get back on track with the progress of my own career after joining Hawaiian Dredging, and the achievement of considerable success in building a strong, broad-based field organization with high profit capability, I was "moved upstairs" to become assistant vice president of the company, to a great extent removing me from the close association I had known lifelong with field construction operations. However, with our further growth and the merger of Oahu Railway and Hawaiian Dredging to become Dillingham Corporation, I was appointed vice president in charge of international operations, a gratifying achievement and experience.

S: But for somebody who said that they didn't want to travel...(laughs)

C: That's a very interesting point that you raise. After some eight or so years of operating in Honolulu, Johnston Island and Guam, I really got the bug again to travel. So after some dormant years, I looked on travel again as part of my work and I liked such work! The nature of my travel was such that I would sometimes be gone a month, six weeks, or over a couple of months.

Where I was involved with a number of one night stands moving about and shuttling back and forth to be in one city or another for bid closings, and then another one in another country, it was unfair to have Gladys accompany me on such trips. But whenever I knew that I would be in one city or another for a week or so, she went along; and indeed those experiences were a very pleasant part of our life with such opportunities as we had in those travels. In looking back, I think that I was away too much; more than I should have been; but I was so enthused and caught up in my work I didn't see things then as I do now.

S: And you never had any children?

C: No.

S: That would have put a different focus on your life.

C: Quite so. As it turned out, we were both thirty-three when we married, and it was soon after that that we learned that Gladys was unable to have a child. About that time, I developed a mystery illness from which, in but a few weeks, I got down to skin and bones. Many doctors in Honolulu looked in on me at Queen's Hospital and simply shook their heads. They didn't know what was wrong. I lost a pound a day for week after week after week. I contracted a cold. The cold hung on and was terribly heavy. I was very miserable. I got weaker and weaker--something was wrong.

This was early on in the era of penicillin, the new antibiotic. My doctor, a most wonderful man, Dr. Harry Arnold, Sr., was having me inhale penicillin in oxygen on a daily basis to see if that would assist the lungs in clearing up the cold. I seemed to get worse and he decided to give me a heavy injection of penicillin. As it turned out, that was a terrible mistake. I immediately went into a penicillin backfire; all of my extremities swelled so that my fingers were out like that, puffed, finger to finger, purple at the tips; my head and face were purple blotches; my body was covered with hives, a reaction to the penicillin. With that I was hospitalized.

I was later told that a year earlier they might not have been able to save me. They administered two different injections regularly around the clock. I'll never forget one of them. The instant that the intravenous needle moved, my whole body felt as though I was thrown into the mouth of a furnace. In a split second the fire was gone. The drugs were used as counterirritants to the terrible itch that I had. It was an incredible experience. I was hospitalized for two weeks.

I'd spent those couple of years in Venezuela and had malaria, amoebic dysentery, and local rat fever during that

time, and amongst other things had been injected with arsenic. I had contracted a very virulent form of throat trench mouth when a local doctor told me that he could save my life if he injected arsenic. They had penicillin in the country, but as he put it, didn't know about "peniseeyan." He was sure that the arsenic would save me.

This is a terribly virulent infection that travels down the throat. It's like life or death in forty-eight hours if it isn't arrested. It forms pus sacs on all the walls of the throat as large as your fingernails. For that he gave my number two man, Tom Keenan, an Irishman from New York, Salvarsan, the old mercuric oxide treatment for syphilis, to treat me. Every two hours he would swab and dissolve those accumulations. The fever was broken and the infection arrested with the arsenic within twenty-four hours. I was over the hump. I had tonsil surgery on return to U. S.

When I returned to Hawaii, the local doctors wouldn't believe that in that day and age arsenic had been used. They brought in Dr. Beck who had come out of the service as a tropical medicine doctor, and any number of other doctors they thought would be able to bring some light to the problem. When I got over the cold and the penicillin attack, I was taken home. I had to learn to walk again. I was so weak that I convalesced very slowly. I had no desire to eat.

But progressively each day I walked double the distance until I walked to Roosevelt High School from where we lived on Thurston Avenue. Ultimately, I went back to work on half days.

S: But they never determined the real cause of the weight loss?

C: The problem was lack of nutrition, but I had no desire to eat. At this time Takadiastase was a new digestive drug developed in Japan. It was a derivative of rice. They sent some by air to Honolulu. I had been taking hydrochloric acid in a glass tube over my teeth to try to stimulate my pancreas and cause me to feel hungry and eat, with no results. On being at home, I was sure I was just waiting to die. I had my wife's parents come from California to be with her and, incidentally, acquired a cocker spaniel so that she would have some company when I departed. (laughs)

Gladys would come home at the end of the day at four o'clock to get me to the last appointment of the day with Dr. Arnold. She was manager of Watumull's Waikiki and would take me in her car. This particular day she had to help me up the two or three steps from Ward Avenue, the old entrance to the Straub Clinic. I got into Dr. Arnold's office and he said, "How are you today?" I said, "Doc, it's no use kidding

ourselves. I'm not really getting anywhere. Just not gaining. I try to eat and the moment I get the food in my mouth it turns to sawdust. I can hardly force it down."

"Well," he said, "why don't you have a drink when Gladys takes you home?" I said, "What do you mean 'have a drink'?" He said, "I don't know what you like. If you were me, you'd have a scotch and soda." I said, "You mean I can take an alcoholic drink?" "Well," he said, "it's worth trying, but remember, Champ, if you drink enough of that stuff, it'll kill you." I'll never forget his remarks.

I said, "I like old-fashioneds." "Have an old-fashioned, but don't put any of that orange or cherry in it. (It would create a gaseous conditon.) If you feel like it, have a second one and let that do." When we got home, Gladys, who had been through the miseries of this for several months, said to her parents, "Guess what? Champ can have a drink!" So right away I made up some old-fashioneds and we all had a cocktail. That was a bit of a stimulus itself. I had a second one, and do you know, I ate a T-bone steak that evening!

Always before I'd say, "Gee, I'm hungry," and by the time Gladys had cooked something my appetite was gone and I couldn't eat it. I did this again the next day at lunch and went back to Dr. Arnold and told him what happened. He said, "You continue on now." I said, "I can't work and drink." "I'll tell them down there that you can have a drink at lunch."

Before going on, I must say a few things about Dr. Arnold, for he was one of the finest men that I have come to know in the course of my life. Professionally, he was one of those gifted up-front sort of physicians that immediately gained your confidence. As Chief of the Army Medical Corps in Hawaii he had on retirement joined The Clinic as a key member in the organization which Dr. Straub had put together a few years earlier--today known as Straub Clinic and Hospital, Inc., in which I have been a patient for forty-six years.

But Arnold was also a man of much knowledge in many fields. I was amazed at his knowledge of the engineering and construction world. He was a woodcarver who astonished me with his knowledge of the hardwoods of Central and South America. He was a respected orchid fancier and researched and published a book on poisonous plant life in Hawaii. He travelled widely and came to know and well understand the many different people of Hawaii and he told me many stories of the Islands. He possessed a curiosity that kept him well informed on any subject.

Do you know that that broke the spell? I had taken hydrochloric acid, Takadiastase, many different pills--all of which were designed to stimulate the pancreas. But without another component, the nerves remained tense. Liquor was, in this case, both a stimulant and a sedative. The combination served to stimulate the pancreas and relax the nerves. From that day on I was able to eat. I gained weight steadily for several months and got back to normal. Forever since I've been dieting. (laughter)

When I tell of how whiskey cured an almost fatal illness, many find it unbelievable. I still, after many years, felt that there was something not right. I was unsure.

S: There was still that lingering doubt.

C: Right. With the passing of those years we concluded that it was too late to adopt children.

S: Well, as I said, it put a different focus on your life and you were both free to travel and enjoy the travelling together when you could.

C: Quite. One of the stories I often think of that so typifies the spell of Hawaii is how my deceased wife Gladys came to Hawaii on a vacation, fell in love with the place and decided that she wanted to live and work in Hawaii. In those days it happened many times over. No one would hire a girl just off the boat here on vacation. But she went to see Gobindram J. Watumull of the Watumull Stores. Jhamandas, his brother, died recently at the age of one hundred. G. J. died many years ago, but it was G. J. who developed the local business in Hawaii while Jhamandas lived in the Philippines, I think, for part of the time. G. J. met and married Ellen, a school teacher of Danish descent. It started with the East India store and then Watumull's at Waikiki."

Gladys on seeing "G. J." convinced him that she would make a good salesperson, and he hired her for, I think it was, twenty dollars a week. She was paying fourteen dollars a day at the Moana Hotel. But she had savings. As a young woman she had been frugal and industrious. In a short time, she was made manager. She managed the Watumull store in Waikiki from 1938 until our marriage in 1943. One of the understandings of our engagement was that Gladys would not work. When we were married here in Honolulu in March of 1943, she left the employ of the Watumulls.

I must say that the Watumull family was extremely kind and good to her. At the time of the bombing, when the military were trying to get all women to leave the Islands, Gladys wrote her parents that she loved Hawaii so she never

wanted to leave. And if it would be, so be it that she would perish during the war. The Watumulls took her into their home for a while to live with them for her safety and well-being.

I didn't meet Gladys until September or October of 1942. Though she knew many of the people that I had come to know, we did not meet. We had gone through high schools in California some fourteen miles apart: I at Huntington Park Union High School and she at the new Woodrow Wilson High School in Long Beach, California.

Through the two or three years that I lived in Honolulu we'd never met until one afternoon at a tea dance at the Pacific Club. As the war wore on, we had occasional tea dances in the late afternoon, probably on Saturdays. The dances would be over before blackout because everybody had to get home or off the streets. Gladys was with a group of Naval officers whom I knew.

END OF TAPE 2/SIDE 2

February 27, 1987

C: Gladys and I were both thirty-three years of age. Neither of us had really, up until that point, been serious about marriage.

S: (laughs) Well, you'd been too busy. I don't know about Gladys.

C: Well, she had in another way with the great social whirl here. Particularly in war time, why it was not uncommon for an attractive young woman to have three dates in an evening; cocktails, dinner, and then the theater or a dance. I'm sure that you've heard of that. I had some obstacles to overcome, having met her. One, I wasn't in a uniform and she thought that naval officers stood all alone in our society. Further, I was what they called a "construction worker" that had flooded the Islands with the outbreak of war and her experiences with any of those people that she encountered in the Waikiki area generally wasn't good. And indeed, she, as much as I, had no interest or concern in getting married. It truly was a case on both parts of love on sight.

I saw her the following week and we saw each other a little more frequently and somewhere right in there I was transferred to Maui and continued to correspond and talk by phone, very difficult to do then between the Islands during the war. As we neared the New Year's holiday, I in a letter proposed that Gladys might come over and spend the New Year's on Maui at the Maui Grand Hotel, where I think I previously said Mrs. Amy [Edward J.] Walsh and Mr. Walsh had taken somewhat of a motherly and fatherly interest in me. That

came to be and during the New Year's weekend I proposed marriage to Gladys, and this on the little bridge over the Iao Stream above Wailuku.

We set the marriage date for March and this was, of course, to be in Honolulu. There were a few things that had to be taken care of in the way of my coming over to Honolulu to take the health exam and appear with her to obtain the marriage license. For me, the time was difficult because of my work involvement. We agreed on a date well in advance of the wedding date to obtain the marriage license.

I well recall coming over and finding out where the marriage license bureau was located. I believe a Mrs. Franklin headed it for many years. With Gladys in one of the cars that I'd left behind in Honolulu, we drove to find the marriage license bureau. On our way we were unsure where this special building was located near City Hall. There was a policeman on a motorcycle that I flagged and asked him if he knew where we could get our marriage license. He said, "You're going to get married?" I said, "Yes, we want to get our license." He said, "Come on, follow me. I'll take you there." Only in Hawaii. (laughter)

Having gotten our license taken care of, we then went over to the offices of the Honolulu Advertiser to see the grand old man, the publisher of the Advertiser, Ray Coll, Sr., and told him that we had gotten the license and that we were to be married in March. This was something like late January or early February. We wanted the publication of our license withheld from the papers until shortly before the wedding. In a very grand and fatherly way, Ray Coll, Sr. said, "Just leave it to me. I'll take care of that." So that came about.

We were married at St. Clement's Episcopal Church by [E.] Tanner Brown, and at that point of time the military governor was just beginning to permit public gatherings and so under those conditions we were able to hold a reception at the Pacific Club where I had lived before moving to Maui. We had perhaps a hundred or so guests. In the wedding was Bob Cisco, the public accountant who lives here yet today. He had come to Hawaii shortly after I arrived and whom I'd met living at the Pacific Club; James Turner, my best man, the son of the founder of the Turner Construction Company, and Lieutenant Bob Thatcher.

Among others in my wife's party was a bridesmaid named Glenna Buscher, her schooldays' friend from California, who it was to develop so many, many years later after Gladys passed away, I would marry. Some three years after Gladys' passing, we decided on a mutually compatibile marriage, now more than seven years ago. We have lived a very companionable, interesting, and happy second marriage for

both of us. Glenna's husband, Willard Buscher, scion of the Willard Inn family of Waikiki, died before my wife Gladys of a massive coronary. Both of us having lived most happily for the major part of our lives with our lifelong partners, found ourselves romantically united in a small church service at Holy Nativity Church and a gigantic reception at the Pacific Club.

S: What was Glenna's maiden name?

C: Her name was Glenna Moore. She was from Compton, California, and had come to know Gladys through a calabash relationship in their high school days. Incidentally, Compton High was Huntington Park High's (my schoool) bitter rival in the Southern California Bay League athletic conference and Gladys' school, Woodrow Wilson High, was also a member.

S: Was Glenna already married to Willard Buscher at the time of your wedding?

C: Yes, she was already Mrs. Buscher. Interestingly, Gladys had arrived in Hawaii in 1938 and I believe Glenna came about two years before the bombing, the beginning of 1940. Gladys, as her friend, arranged several double dates during the month she was here chaperoned by her aunt who had given her the trip to Honolulu. It was not, however, through Gladys that she met Willard, but through another friend. This was a romance at first sight and before the month was up, Willard Buscher had proposed to Glenna and her aunt had said, "All well and good, but you'd better come back to California and think things over."

Glenna did that and was very sure of her intentions and some months later Willard travelled to California to be married. They returned, of course, to live in Hawaii. At the time of our marriage, they had been married more than two years.

We anticipated having a brief honeymoon on the Island of Hawaii at the volcano in a retreat known as Kauhinoe that was available to us through the Hawaiian Dredging Company. However, before coming to Honolulu for the wedding, through the kindness of Amy and Ed Walsh, the owners of the Maui Grand Hotel, who recognized there was just no housing available for us to live on coming to Maui, we were offered their mountain cottage at the 4,000 foot level on the side of Haleakala at Kula.

When I went to see it, it turned out to be simply an idyllic spot. It was an old English-type cottage with myriads of annuals planted on the grounds at the 4,000-foot level, quite a different environment to the tropical valley. It just seemed insensible to go to the volcano when

there was such a beautiful place to go on Maui. So we lived there for the few months that followed before I was called back to Honolulu, and enjoyed some neighborly friendships, among them being a young Japanese couple, Dr. Homer and Mae Izumi, who had come from the U. S. mainland to work at Kula Sanitorium Hospital. Many years later I was to learn that Homer, in the course of his work, was also reporting on activities on the plantations relating to U. S. security. Their baby son Allen is now my dermatologist.

Those were indeed interesting days on Maui. We know of the fame of the Maui onion today. At that time the Maui onion was little known, but at Kula the very finest of the Maui onions are grown. As there were virtually no fruits or vegetables in the market place due to the war, Gladys would go down into the farmlands near where we lived and pull out of the ground by their tops these great Maui onions as crisp and as sweet as apples. We'd eat them whole, just bite into them like an apple. Just an unbelievable experience, those fabulous Maui onions! There were other truck gardening things being raised by the wartime victory farmers and through those sources we had a reasonable supply of fresh vegetables.

With return to Honolulu and my assignment to the Navy yard to take over the remaining work to be completed under our fixed fee contract, we lived in a lovely apartment in Waikiki. It was Waikiki's only modern apartment, so to speak. When I say modern, it was mainland style. It was a concrete building with stucco walls and carpeted floors. There was little or no carpeting then to be seen but in very few homes in Honolulu. This was the owner's suite with a grand piano, the owner having left the Islands to get away from the war. We were very lucky to find this property and it was right in the heart of Waikiki, immediately to the rear of the old Gump's building on the corner of Lewers and Lauula Street.

S: I was just going to comment that you couldn't have stayed in Waikiki too long, because it was shortly after that that you headed for the mainland.

C: Yes, that is right. We were but a few months in Honolulu before I left with Gladys in the convoy on the old Permanente freighter and troop ship that travelled to San Francisco.

On our return to the Islands, having first established in Waikiki and then a nicer home in Makiki, we acquired a cocker spaniel to be with Gladys through my illness. Both of us were quite interested in dogs by reason of our individual family experiences, so we became active with the cocker spaniel club. We bought, in addition to that original cocker, many, many more fine purebreds. We got into breeding

and showing them very extensively. I have previously mentioned my birth into the E. C. Champion family of sporting dogs.

I was then invited to join the Hawaiian Kennel Club, now an eighty-year old organization that has been the parent or the central vehicle for the dog world in Hawaii since early 1900. In no time I was asked to take over the presidency of that organization whose chief was Arthur Zane. I have now been president of the Hawaiian Kennel Club for thirty-some years. And still carry on as its president. We hold two all-breed championship dog shows each year in Neal Blaisdell Center plus one all-breed puppy show. By and large, the organization is the hub of the dog world in Hawaii and one of the oldest canine organizations in America.

My great interest in dogs and all animals, of course, led me further afield in the humane world. I should say that although my father was a hunter and a fisherman, I never had any heart for hunting, even fishing. Although I've done some fishing, I never was comfortable in bringing one of those great denizens to gaff and taking its life. My own makeup turned in the direction of humane work, and so for more than thirty years I served on the board of the Hawaiian Humane Society and indeed have been its president for three separate terms, limited to three-year periods. I left the board of the Humane Society two years ago.

During that time, akin to the phenomena that crossed the whole nation, Hawaii developed a great surplus of dogs and cats. Over the years we found that the demands on the Humane Society had grown to a point that we were putting to sleep an average of in excess of 100 animals a day for every day in the year. Something simply had to be done. Under my presidency we embarked on a mass media campaign. We developed spay neuter programs and over the period of the past few years we have reduced the animal surplus from in excess of 40,000 animals a year to where it is down to just under or over 20,000 animals. Really a remarkable accomplishment in so short a period of time.

S: Yes, in that length of time. Let's hope they can keep that going by education and so forth.

C: During my last years of office, I was responsible for our establishing both a long-term, twenty-year plan, in which our target is to reach a point of optimum dog and cat population, that being just the number of animals that are sufficient to provide pets and companions in the homes of Hawaii, plus the dogs and the cats that the breed fanciers more particularly concern themselves with. An idealistic level at which the only animals that would be put away are those that are aging or ill or injured to a point of not being able to be saved. Under that plan the Humane Society

would greatly reduce its scope of activities to a point at which idealistically it would virtually go out of business. Perhaps that's carrying it pretty far, but in the long term I see this as a very important objective for the Humane Society.

S: There aren't too many groups around who have as their goal their nonexistence.

C: No, this is the antithesis of prevailing practices of American do-good organizations. They go the other route, finding new ways of perpetuating themselves, indeed increasing their incomes, enhancing their own salaries and positions, and increasing staff with very little measurement being made of what is coming out of the end of the tube, and I am concerned that now our Hawaiian Humane Society is pointed in this direction.

The United Way has had a good influence in the last decade or so in really bringing many of these organizations into line, if you could call it that. Really either producing or getting off the United Fund rolls. They have been a useful influence and I'm sure real progress is being made. With our twenty-year plan we established a five-year moving plan which was reviewed annually and adjusted and which I hope is being kept up. Thus, it keeps the Humane Society moving in that long-term objective with adjustments to accommodate the interim conditions as they develop. Through this, coupled with a zero-based budgeting program to better control and contain expenditures starting out fresh each year, I feel that I have contributed a great deal to the Hawaiian Humane Society, apart from other contributions that I have made to it.

More particularly, after my return to Hawaii from my international operations responsibilities, I have been involved quite extensively with many community organizations. I've served many year in and year out. As I recall, I was always president or chairman of two or three different organizations. In fact, at one point I made the decision to limit my activities to that level. Even in the past ten years of my retirement I have kept up a very substantial involvement.

I've been a board member of Maunalani Hospital for many years. We've recently carried out a major updating and modernization program throughout the buildings of the hospital and have just completed an entire refurbishing of the interior, furnishings, draperies, floor coverings and such.

S: Is Maunalani primarily a convalescent, nursing type facility?

C: Maunalani originated as a home in which widows who found themselves very much on their own could go to live and spend their later years in comfort and good care. With considerable success in establishing the original facility, successive construction has greatly expanded the facility to where it has a capacity of one hundred beds. It today is a long-term nursing care facility, yet with about forty percent of the populace there as private patients. Probably, the only such place available outside the bounds of Medicare or Medicaid and government-insured care plans.

But with that we maintain a population that averages right at one hundred beds every month. There are months in which we will show an occupancy of one hundred and one, that bed coming about through the fact that the bed was occupied the same day as another person left.

S: Is this religiously affiliated?

C: No, it's a nonprofit institution, not religiously affiliated, but certainly with a Christian background through those who were first involved with its establishment. The hospital stands on the grounds of a member of the Cooke family who made the property available originally to Queen's Hospital for such purposes. The Maunalani organization was formed independently and established the care facility at that time. It without question would be the most beautiful facility of its kind in America. Coupled with that, we sincerely believe that we maintain it on a caliber approached by none, not only in Hawaii but anywhere to be found across the nation. It's a pleasure to visit that hospital in contrast to the experiences we all have had in visiting many other nursing homes.

In the hospital field, I served two terms on the advisory board of St. Francis Hospital and found a very useful experience for me and, hopefully, a useful contribution on my part to the community. As it developed in the case of my deceased wife Gladys, who had spent four months at Straub Hospital, for a change and new atmosphere we chose to move her to St. Francis where she had two months of marvelous care prior to her passing.

For many years I served as trustee of the Leahi Hospital and the Leahi Foundation which was created as the aftermath of the dissolution of Leahi Hospital as a tuberculosis sanitarium. We're all aware that TB was eliminated as a health problem in this state through the creation and maintenance of Leahi Hospital and the coming of the antibiotics that cured tuberculosis. The facility that is the property in principal was given to the University of Hawaii. From remnant funds and certain funds that could not be conveyed, the foundation was created which now incidentally is a part of the University Foundation,

separately maintained, but administered by the University Foundation with the First Hawaiian Bank as trustee. The funds from that Foundation annually are distributed to people in research in thoracic medicine, and so the work of the original founders of Leahi goes on in the interest of solving the health problems wholly related to lungs and components of the system.

I served as chairman of the National Council of Crime and Delinquency shortly after it was formed in Honolulu. That organization started in the era of the rising recognition that prisoners of our institutions across the nation were perhaps not being humanely cared for and treated. There was a great wave of sympathy and support for better treatment of our criminals.

I have to look back and say that we got off the deep end and we went too far. The developed result was one in which it was recognized that altogether too much shelter and consideration was being given to the criminal without regard for the victim. So the wave subsided and now has turned in the other direction, dealing more pointedly and frankly with the criminal and with giving fairer consideration to the victim.

I served a number of years on the council of the Boy Scouts of America, the Hawaii-Pacific area. Today I give merit badge examinations in pet care and the animal-related badges that the scouts can earn. Each year I sponsor a new Eagle Scout at the annual Eagle Scout dinner, where the local businessmen host the new Eagles for one of the very enjoyable evenings of his young life.

An organization that I had a great deal of interest and involvement with and continue to is the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council, which in the postwar years was rejuvenated and gotten under way as an organization offering the volunteer high school student the opportunity outside of his school hours, Saturdays particularly, to become better acquainted with international affairs and the people of the Pacific area.

It became very popular in those postwar years and our conferences attracted as many as 800 students from all Islands. Indeed many of the businessmen of the community came to spend the day at those conferences and participate in an involved basis with the students. Of course, there were those of us in Hawaii, businessmen who travelled and knew the countries of the Pacific, who had a special interest.

In administering the philanthropic funds of Dillingham Corporation, I was able to lend some weight to providing financial support for this very worthwhile young organization. That indeed was also supported by Ben

Dillingham and Dick Girton within the company, for they both had great interest in the organization. So for several years we were a substantial source of help to the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council and insured its long-term being.

It goes on today as a very active, worthwhile organization, and I attend many of their luncheons to hear one of the very interesting speakers that they manage to provide a platform for while transiting Hawaii. That's only part of their activity. The main activity is the student involvement that I've spoken of.

S: Well, they've had some outstanding speakers. Don't they have Ambassador Mike Mansfield every once in a while?

C: Just a few months ago we had Mansfield with many ambassadors of the Pacific area. That was a remarkable panel of noted diplomats.

S: But they certainly get top-notch people. You read about people like Mansfield, Admiral Crowe and Admiral Hays.

C: Yes, and very usefully, Admiral Crowe and Admiral Hays have lent their support to the organization's activities in the sense that they are aware of the visit of many of these people on a short-notice basis, and are able to pass them on to the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council who can quickly create a platform for their appearance. The platform of the Honolulu Rotary Club, where every week some 300 key members of the community meet, is not usually available on short notice, for their speakers are committed well in advance.

In that context, the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council is quite fortunate and, indeed, enjoys a slight override from the price of the luncheon which goes to help their coffers. They operate on a month-to-month, year-to-year basis of support from the community with some state support. I am pleased to have been honored by the PAAC as a recipient of the Bachman award

Naturally, in my business interests I have been involved with the ...

END OF TAPE 3/SIDE 1

C: I served as president of the Chamber of Commerce Hawaii World Trade Association and was connected with its activities for a good many years. I have always had a close and sincere interest in the military organizations of our country. I've had a business relationshp with all of them through the years, but my interest has gone a great deal beyond that. I served as a member of the board of the Navy League for some years and continue as a patron of "The Bridge." I have been

president of the Association of the U. S. Army, and enjoy membership in the Air Force Association. I participate actively in various events through the year in each organization.

I served the old organization, Hawaii Freedoms Foundation, known as Imua. It was formed after WW II as an anti-Communist activity to oppose the coming of Harry Bridges and Jack Hall to Hawaii. I served many years as a director and officer with many others until ultimately with failing business community support after some twenty years, we had to put the organization on the shelf. However, I have never wavered in my strong belief in our form of government and am avidly opposed to any thing (and there is so much more of it now) that smacks of communism, Marxism, and the liberals' socialism that increasingly infects our nation.

S: Was this primarily the forties and fifties?

C: Yes, it was formed after World War II and heavily financed by the major business houses in the community leading up to the time of the great dock strike that paralyzed Hawaii. From the time that Bridges and Jack Hall gained their victory, and Jack Burns was elected governor, the organization remained active. But increasingly as the ILWU union influence grew and gained dominance in Hawaii, the major corporations less and less provided support for the actvities of Imua. Indeed, at one point, the effort was made by our opponents to have the organization classified as a propaganda organization and thereby eliminate the source of funds coming from various trusts and foundations. There was no way they were able to make that stick. We had clearly maintained our nonprofit status.

Another organization in which I've been active through the years is the English Speaking Union of Hawaii. Our most recent interest was the initiation of a Shakespeare competition last year in the private and public schools of Hawaii. In our first year we had eight schools participating and this year sixteen schools will participate.

The winners compete with the other schools' winners and will this year go to compete on the West Coast in the western regional competition. The winner of that competition, with a chaperone or escort, will receive a round trip to Edinburgh Scotland to be there at the time of the annual Edinburgh Festival. [International Festival of Music and Dance]

Last year's initial competition produced very creditable results and knowing as we do now of the great need for the education of our youngsters in basics, this greater interest in English and the Shakespeare world is indicative of a

useful trend in our school system and we intend to encourage it. We have in the past provided scholarships for American students to go abroad to study in one of the countries of the Commonwealth, but we see in this activity a good deal more extensive involvement.

An area of involvement that led me much farther afield into state and local educational activities was the coming of the National Alliance of Businessmen. The National Alliance of Businessmen was created out of a discussion between Lyndon Johnson and Henry Ford. There was recognition that the disadvantaged people of the nation needed greater help than was then taking place under our welfare and employment systems. Business at that time gave little consideration to either on-job training or making special effort to employ the handicapped, not just the physically handicapped but the economically handicapped.

This national organization was created as a result of that discussion that the President had with Ford. In its original concept it was to be an organization established nationally in the principal cities of the nation where key businessmen would volunteer a substantial amount of their time to develop the organization and work with it on a direct involvement basis. Executives would be loaned for three-month, six-month, one-year periods by their companies to make up the staff and management organization of the group.

In its first year in Hawaii, although some useful effort was made by those who were involved, the activity just didn't get off the ground to any measurable degree. At that time Lyndon Johnson went out of office and President Nixon was elected. Nixon chose to carry on the development of this new vehicle. For the Hawaii-Pacific area President Nixon chose Lowell Dillingham, the president of our corporation, to head activities.

Upon Lowell's appointment by President Nixon, Lowell called me in and said that he hoped that I would serve as one of those in the company to work with the development of the organization in his behalf. As I remember it, on a Friday afternoon I got a call to his office telling me that he was scheduled to be in Washington for a meeting with President Nixon as chairman of the National Alliance of Businessmen for the Hawaii-Pacific area. He said, "I'm not going to be there and you are." Rather short notice, but we were accustomed to this kind of incident.

I was on a plane that night and enroute to Washington when the news was borne that [former] President Eisenhower had died. They were unable to reach me enroute or terminate my trip, and so on my Sunday arrival in Washington I came to learn that the briefing had been called off. Monday had been declared a day of mourning and all of Washington was out on

the tennis courts and the golf courses. But they did volunteer to call their people in and make the day a very useful one for me. I did not meet with President Nixon, but I did have a very useful day of it.

I came back to Honolulu the next day to report to Lowell Dillingham that we were at the very bottom of the barrel nationally, based on the first year's performance in other cities. Traditionally, the things that we did in the Dillingham Corporation were only the very best and we hoped to be out in front or up on top. I asked him for a few days to really survey the situation and decide if he should find a basis for backing out of it, or whether it was incumbent on him to continue.

My conclusion was that he had to continue and I then told him that, as a result of the first year's experience, the volunteer activity as conceived by the national organization was not going to really work in Hawaii. We would have to employ a key staff and utilize business volunteers as time was available, but not depend upon getting executives for six months' or a year's detachment from their company.

S: How was all of this funded? Through the government?

C: No, it was all funded by private enterprise with the exception of some administrative costs, such as stationery, postage, office supplies and such related items. That would be funded through the U. S. Department of Labor on a very fixed, firm and prescribed basis. The state would provide a full-time representative of the Labor Department.

With a budget of $50,000 needed to handle this thing in the first year to employ a top executive, clerical and secretarial help, Lowell Dillingham was really in for it if he was to stay with it. As I saw it, there was no other way. So he agreed. Dillingham Corporation would make those funds available and I was so fortunate as to first be able to engage the services of Admiral [Henry S.] "Pete" Persons who had only recently retired to live in Hawaii. Pete was an excellent choice. He acquired a man named Laurin McClaurin as his assistant, who likewise was a very good choice.

I had gotten a tip while I was in Washington that a capable young Navy wife, who had been employed in the national office of the NAB for the past year, had moved to Hawaii with her husband on tour here as an officer in the Navy. I had only her name and nothing else to go by. I was told that if I could somehow acquire the services of this young lady, she could be of great help.

We eventually found her husband at a Navy communications facility, and this resulted in our employing Kathy Jordan as

our secretary. In that first year we had many, many things to contend with that had not been overcome in the previous year. We took that organization from its low performance rating, from the bottom of the nation, to the top in that first year and for the whole life of the organization we maintained it in first place.

Fortunately at the time the hotels were expanding and there was a great potential for recruiting people from Waianae, Nanakuli and Ewa and getting them into employment in the hotels under government funding for on-the-job training. There were funds available to partially subsidize employer costs for on-the-job training programs. And so that was well launched and really rolling under Lowell Dillingham and we all felt we had done a first-class job in putting Hawaii on the map.

A great obstacle even then under the Burns regime was in getting the head of his Department of Labor to cooperate with private enterprise in its first effort to bring government and business together to employ the "economically disadvantaged" on Oahu and estimated to be some 2,000 people in the woodwork and on the beaches. Only under threat of bringing higher authority to bear did we gain the state Labor Department's cooperation. Their initial attitude was one of private business intruding on their bureaucracy and they had succeeded in stalling the effort under Lyndon Johnson's first year's efforts.

On their initiative, Henry Walker and Malcolm MacNaughton brought the major companies together and said, "Look, Dillingham spent close to $50,000 this past year doing this. We propose that we all come into this on the basis of financially supporting this, as against our attempting to make key executives available on a loan basis." This came together very well with ten major companies contributing the financial support. (Interrupted by phone call)

And at the point that I again got involved, the organization was one year behind in the financing of their budget and a deficit of some $30,000 plus was being carried by the Hawaiian Trust Company in behalf of the organization. Wilson Cannon, who was president of the Bank of Hawaii and who has since passed away, was then chairman of the National Alliance of Businessmen under presidential appointment, called me and said, "Champ, we have decided that we want you to come back and accept an appointment from President Nixon as incoming chairman and get these problems straightened out."

I said, "No way, Willie, (as I called him). There must be the president of a major company in Hawaii at the head of this thing, and without that it will have problems." He assured me that they all disagreed with that concept on my

part and assured me that if I took it on, I would get the support of the presidents of the major corporations in getting my job done.

Curiously this was at the time of Watergate and the questions about Nixon and whether I was going to be accepting the appointment under a president who was about to be fired. (laughs) As the clock moved, my appointment was made by President Ford who succeeded Nixon. We were able to do what we set out to do. We got the books back in balance and in doing this by this time...I should have mentioned that Admiral Persons came to work for us under a one-year contract originally and so Pete had been gone for some time, but our excellent man Laurin McLaurin had been moved up to succeed Pete and he was doing a very fine job. He was not, however, in a position to handle the delinquent payments problem.

With having successfully refinanced the organization, Mac pointed out to me that in the previous year a new program of career guidance institutes had been developed by the National Alliance of Businessmen. The decision had then been made not to attempt it in Honolulu. He explained to me the nature of the program was one that attempted to get back behind the growing welfare problem. We recognized that we were creating a society of welfare people whose children, in reaching the age of employment, were caught up in a welfare society in a manner that they were not breaking out of it.

This program to be established in the school system was one in which the effort would be made to conduct seminars for vocational counselors and teachers on this concept of working to break the children of the disadvantaged out of the welfare framework. This could be accomplished by bringing the teaching profession and the businessmen of the community together to develop a more work-oriented concept in the minds of the teachers and stimulate better career guidance.

My initial effort with the Department of Education was a turnoff. The answer was, "You mean to say that you think businessmen can teach our teachers how to teach our students?" Of course we believed that we could make a contribution. On pursuing it further and indeed getting agreement on holding the first seminar, which was to be a two-week session of five days each week, the DOE imposed the requirement that we would have to pay the salaries for the substitute teachers who would have to replace the teachers attending the seminar. After thinking it over, we agreed to do this, we were so anxious and so sure that we could make a contribution.

Bear in mind this is back in the sixties when the anti-business climate was at a very high level in the minds of, particularly, the young and indeed in academia. We succeeded in arranging with the Washington office of the NAB to not

only get a top man of the organization there to come to Hawaii to assist in the conduct of that first seminar, but also to get a young woman who had been loaned by the Catholic church to head this program in the NAB, Sister Rita.

Sister Rita was a UCLA graduate who during her school years had gotten into the area of thinking in terms of what could be done to better handle and serve the disadvantaged child. Following her graduation, she had installed in a school in West Los Angeles, out Jefferson Boulevard, this pilot program concept. It was such a success that it gained national interest and attention. As the National Alliance of Businessmen saw its successful development, they sought to get the master there to head the national, and we in turn were able to persuade Washington to send Sister Rita out here to share with this other gentleman in the presentation of the program.

There was a morning session and an afternoon session. In the morning session, the teachers went into the field on an assigned basis and visited the various company operations around the community. If it was the airlines industry, some went to Aloha Airlines, some to Hawaiian, some to Pan Am and such. The assignments were mixed up in a manner that when they returned for their lunch, hosted by the president of one of the local companies, they then had an opportunity to exchange what went on with the workers at the various levels and skills they had observed.

S: May I ask you how many teachers were involved in this program and were they from selected neighborhoods such as the heavily-supported welfare areas?

C: We relied on the Department of Education. I'm getting a bit ahead of my story, but one of the things that came out in our discussions with Emiko Kudo, who was the deputy superintendent at that time, was that of the seven to eight thousand teachers in the employ of the Department of Education, there were none who met the prequalification requirements of a vocational counselor by having worked in private employment outside of the educational system for a period of two years.

So essentially, in this first seminar we got the more senior or key people to participate. We also had a number from the staff of the department. Forty-some people participated in that first seminar.

At the end of the conference, as is customary, a critique was written by each participant and the end result was unanimous. They said it was the finest thing, as teachers, they had experienced. Particulary the ability to sit across the table at lunch with the president of a major corporation and have him answer any and all questions they

had about business. In their negative atmosphere and attitude toward the business community, there were some pretty challenging questions. Every last one of the executives handled their individual sessions well. They were footing the bill for each day of the seminar, but with all that developing a new relationship with the DOE.

At the end of that seminar, I recall one teacher having said that the affair was so good that the Department of Education ought to employ us to handle all of their seminars. Emiko Kudo then came to me and, where she originally had reservations on the possibilities of this, said, "Oh well, now we've really got to get this moving. We've got to get in and train our people to conduct these seminars and make this available to all the teachers in our school system."

I said, "Emiko, you're taking the heart out of the program if you attempt to do this internally. You can't do it. We will do all we can to hold more seminars," and we did hold two more that summer on the basis that the teachers would attend as volunteers during their summer vacations. We got full attendance at those seminars with the teachers receiving a credit for having participated.

Well, that program has gone on now through the years and is still going. It's taken a little different shape and form with the close of the NAB activity here. From that, the program has moved under the aegis of Grant Canfield's organization.

One thing that I neglected mentioning was the requirement that to hold these seminars we did have to associate with a recognized academic institution. We found that Grant Canfield's organization, the Hawaiian Educational Council, Inc., that conducted regularly scheduled courses in personnel training for the major organizations, qualified as such an academic institution. We were delighted with this (not to take anything from the University of Hawaii) as it was entirely a private enterprise effort which thereby lent a different character to the operation.

So much for the National Alliance of Businessmen. That was one of the really very worthwhile projects in which I was involved over a number of years, and indeed since the local NAB was closed, Grant Canfield continues to hold three career guidance institute credit courses each summer.

I would like to next talk about my further work with the Department of Education and my involvement in getting career education into the curriculum of the school system. Time's up.

END OF TAPE 3/SIDE 2

April 2, 1987

C: This led me to serving on a committee of the Department of Education that holds a state-wide conference on career education. There are some 800 in attendance not only from this Island but the outside Islands, all teachers and staff. I chaired the committee for a few years. We brought some very useful speakers to Hawaii. These state-wide career education conferences are held every couple of years. I continue to serve on that committee; one being held just a few weeks ago.

This led into sitting on an advisory board to the Department of Education concerned with the establishment of career education in the curriculum of the school system, starting from kindergarten on through grade twelve. The Department of Education got into this as a result of the development by the United States Education Service in Washington of a national program to bring career education into the curriculums of the schools of all states.

Florida was, I believe, the first state in the nation to really move out on this. By resolution, the Legislature of the state of Hawaii urged the DOE to explore establishing career education in the state-wide school system. We don't realize it now, but we do not have to go back many years to the days when academia operated very much unto itself, dwelling on "education" but without regard for what the student product was being given to prepare him for life's work in the real world beyond academia!

Yes, there were the professional fields and the vocational fields, but hardly a concept that education from the beginning was preparing all students for life's work, and that it really must start very early. Although they may not be selective or decisive, they should be moving in the direction of where they want to be vocationally, professionally, socially, and economically.

It's fair to say that there have been generations of teachers within given families who have had no imcome from anything but academia. I recall, too, what George Chaplin once said to me, "Champ, how many times have you seen a businessman visiting the University campus?" This is a truism. Business went its way, with hardly any concern for what product was being developed in the school system. Wait until they get out and then turn them away; or start them on on-the-job training or let them slowly make it up the line without really any concept or measure of where they were headed.

So for whatever reason, the Legislature passed a resolution recognizing this need in the Hawaii state school

system. Shortly thereafter, with the impetus towards career education, the Congress provided funds through the U. S. Education Service to be given as grants to the schools across the nation who developed career education programs to a qualified level.

At the time that the first funds were known to be coming available, the DOE had some three years behind them in which the school system in its own way had started to develop career education in the curriculum.

So by the time that the first quarter million dollars became available to Hawaii, the DOE had qualified and in the spirit of the program, determined that the advisory board would be the vehicle to determine the distribution of the funds on a merit basis to all who sought them within the school system. Individual teachers were urged to apply and they had to document the program or plan in which they intended to use the funds they might be granted. They had to determine the amount of funds they needed and specify how the funds would be expended for materials, supplies and field trips, et cetera.

S: I wondered exactly how they implemented it. Through courses or through guidance counselors on an individual basis?

C: There were two areas. First, I was most interested to learn, through my ignorance of academia and the way the teaching system operates today, that this career education program and the opportunity to apply for and obtain grants (knowledge of this was made known to the teachers and the counselors and vocational teachers on an information basis) was to my great surprise wholly optional to the individual teacher or to a department or to a school to the extent that it was accepted and worked on. This decidedly contrary to the way the business world operates. When policy is determined, it is applied by direction down through the organization. Not so in academia.

I guess you would say, the individual teacher decides what she wants to do on her own. Regardless of the majority or the current trends, it entirely rests in her lap. So the results of the first year were most interesting. There were kindergarten teachers entered and there were generally some teachers from all grade levels, but with no consistency or impressive numbers. Windward Oahu was tremendously aggressive. They really went out for the big money. They went after it as a district through certain schools to obtain the use of computers and punch card systems in their career guidance and counseling programs.

So it was a very mixed bag of applications and programs. Kaimuki High School had always been quite active and

aggressive in career activities. I can recall thirty-five or so years ago when we were initiating the apprentice construction trades program in Honolulu after World War II, my going to speak to classes at Kaimuki High School urging juniors and seniors to think about a career as a carpenter or a bricklayer or other trade. I remember promising these young people in the presence of their teacher that in three years if they entered the apprenticeship program, they would be making more money than their teachers were making. This amazed their teachers that men working with their hands could so rapidly rise to that sort of income. I do remember Kaimuki High School always welcomed us and we had an easy audience there as we were working the territory (laughs), as it were, to try to stimulate interest in young people just out of high school to become apprentices and learn a profitable trade.

The program did improve as the years went by, and it lasted for three full years of substantial funding and then the funds were cut off. Although by far we didn't penetrate the whole system, we did get a measure of participation from the classrooms, schools and the districts. All in all, I think those three years were useful in encouraging the development of career education in all grade levels. How did we divide it? First, awareness and familiarization; the exploratory mid-years and then the decision making in high school years, hopefully as time passes moving down the grades.

I believe that the student today in Hawaii is thinking more so about where he is going at a much lower level than senior year or junior years. There is growing awareness that education in the earliest years is inherently influencing the path of one through life and that it is fundamentally preparing one for life's work from that earliest age.

S: Yes, they got their high school diploma and then said, "Now what am I going to do?"

C: A large percentage of them were naturally going on to college, but they were not in any sense thinking in serious terms. Yes, in my high school years I knew I wanted to study architecture and I specifically prepared for that through my high school courses.

S: I would think that those in the private schools had a different outlook. I would think they'd be better prepared.

C: Incidentally, the requirement of the federal law provided that we had to make these same opportunities available to the parochial and the private schools here. They were individually solicited and we gained either acceptance or rejection from them as a matter of record. Interestingly some of the Catholic schools would, some

wouldn't. I think initially Hawaii Preparatory Academy didn't display interest, but in the last year or two when they learned more of the nature of the program, they did. Generally, the private schools were well ahead in career activity.

As part of my own activities each year, I made a field trip to one of the Islands to take a look at what had happened under specific grants. This was not a very extensive field inspection sort of thing, but I learned some startling things from sitting in on a special education class in Hilo High School.

This particular day was the day following the attempt on President Reagan's life. There was a middle-aged Portuguese woman in charge of that class who expressed real concern about her ability to stimulate and inspire the youngsters, to get them thinking in terms of their life work. She went on to tell me, "We have this common attitude amongst such students as these, 'Why education? All you've got to do is go out and raise pot and make all kinds of money.'" She said, "See that black Bronco out there sitting in the parking lot? That young man drives it to school every day or a back-up Porsche, and he carries a roll of a couple of thousand dollars in bills in his pocket." She said, "That is just one case of ever so many on this campus whose families are living on the pot world. And the attitude of the youngsters...I don't know how to inspire or stimulate them." No need for education when you can get that kind of money that easy.

She did tell me that that morning she had asked the class to discuss what had taken place in their homes the night before when the news had been carried by television here of Reagan's attempted assassination. She said, "There was not one family in this class had discussed it. Not one. And the expressions I got within this group, 'Too bad they no shoot him in the face,' 'Too bad they no kill him.' That is the atmosphere I have to treat with amongst these youngsters."

Now that's not representative of Hilo High School by any means. As a matter of fact, my exposure to outside Island schools really led me to the conclusion that in many ways they surpass the Oahu schools in discipline, in orderliness, in cleanliness of the school buildings, in the care of the grounds and the general demeanor in the class rooms. I tend to attribute this in my own mind to the fact that these people are more so on their own. Indeed, in a sense the outside Island assignments are not the preferred ones within the DOE, and those who have to take those assignments are somewhat outside the bureaucracy of the Honolulu school system, and at the same time with their willingness to accept those challenges have more freedom to really work with the students and produce what seems to be a better

atmosphere. Certainly, I got the impression that the schools on the outside Islands were a cut above in many instances.

I did meet one fellow who no doubt was a "no-hoper" in the system. He was simply putting in his time down in Kau until he would retire. But generally there were many remarkably impressive individuals working in those schools.

One vocational teacher had completely redecorated and rearranged the interior of the workshops there to an incredible extent. All done with the hands of the vocational students working at their skills. With that he had developed a lunch counter activity that had grown to be an issue with the administration on what seemed to be a case of his taking business away from the cafeteria, due to popularity of the products that these vocational kids were offering for sale in their little lunch room. (laughs) But this was pure initiative, and these kids were all caught up in what they were doing. Wholly consumed. There wasn't any loitering or indifference evident there.

S: But teachers like that nowadays are few and far between.

C: I believe so, but I was truly pleased. It was a surprise for me in many ways because one has the impression on Oahu that those outside Island schools maybe are not so much.

And yes, I found as an example at Kona Waena that they had gone out and gotten a computer on their own. There was a dentist in the Kona area who had bought a major computer, vastly beyond anything that he needed for his office, on which he had spent a substantial sum. And Kona Waena had persuaded him to donate that computer to their school. They were then negotiating with the district to get them to take that computer to Hilo in exchange for their getting some smaller units for Kona Waena. Initiative on the part of the school itself. I guess really the opportunity was there for those that had the spark and weren't constrained by bureaucracy.

I'm very much aware of this bureaucracy just sitting in with the people that I have met with through the years. It's really a very cozy sort of a framework that exists within the school system. They don't need to tell me that the administration costs in the whole system have grown top heavy. It's so obvious. Just to walk into the buildings they occupy around town. It's appalling how administrative overhead has grown. I really believe--if it comes about--that pushing down into the districts and the school system of management and control of their own affairs will go a long way to making for a better school system.

S: In talking about education with other people, inevitably they get to the subject of pidgin English. How do you feel about that?

C: I have been tremendously impressed--at times, unbelievably so--with some of the young university graduates that I have met who have developed such marvelous fluency and ability in our language as against what the generation before them possessed.

I can recall the experience of one individual, a University of Hawaii engineer graduate, who worked for us through his summer months while he was at the University. He appeared to be a very promising young man and we had him lined up to come to work for Dillingham Corporation on graduation. That came about but within no time he had to do his service in...what would that have been? The Korean war, I guess. With his professional education, he had to do a minimum of two years in the service.

So he left after being with us only a short time to go into the service and we could hardly wait for him to get back as engineers were in great shortage here at the time. He did all of his service here on Oahu. When he finished his time in the service, he came to see me and said, "Mr. Champion, I have found that there's no way I'm going to get rid of my pidgin unless I leave Hawaii. I am going to leave and go to work on the mainland." I said, "My God, Mark, we've been planning and waiting for you. We've got the slot ready for you to go to work." "Well," he said, "I've absolutely concluded, I've tried hard, but I can't overcome it." I said, "Okay, I'll go you one better. We'll place you in a major company on the mainland on the basis that after a few years you'll come back with us."

And so I gave him on his leaving my lecture that I've given to so many young people. "Opportunity is ever present and it doesn't show itself. You simply have got to use whatever is available one way or another to expose yourself, and those above you will recognize you on the basis that you stood out from the rest. In one way or another, you then will find your way up the organization. If you're given an assignment, find out when it's due and make darn sure that you get it in ahead of time. Not on time. Not a little late, but hours or a day or two earlier. That will impress somebody."

So Mark went away. We arranged a position with Bechtel Corporation and he was working on a pilot atomic power plant out of San Francisco. Just a five-kilowatt experimental plant, and there were a lot of eyes in the nation on this particular effort. One day on the project they got a call from San Francisco headquarters that they required an updated project report with all cost figures on a current basis

and they had to have it in the San Francisco office by Friday.

As I learned later, Mark was working under the chief engineer on the project who was responsible for this and he was out sick. The San Francisco office was frantic and as it turned out the man in San Francisco said to Mark, "Can't you get it together?" He said, "Well, I'll sure try." He got it together and got it in a day ahead of time. Sometime later I was visiting the executive offices of the Bechtel Corporation, and stopped in to see their chief engineer, a friend of some years.

Walking along the hallway I saw a nameplate on a door, "Mark Watase." When I got into Ted Bean's office I said, "Ted, is that the Watase that we sent you from Hawaii?" He had changed his first name to Mark. He said, "Yes." I said, "What's he doing up here?" He said, "Champ, he's done nothing but distinguish himself, and he's now up here working at headquarters under me."

Mark made such an impression in the Bechtel organization that we just didn't seem to be ever going to get him back. I made an issue at the top of Bechtel over it. At the lower levels, nobody was going to let go of that fellow. Anyhow, he did return to Hawaii. He did well with our organization and eventually left and went into business himself and has done well after some early financial reverses as a contractor. But Mark did overcome his pidgin by leaving the Island.

I'm sure there's much that can be done to continue to eliminate it, but it just has to be a slow and difficult process. It goes further than just the use of the words in pidgin. It comes from their inflections and even their...what do they call it?

S: Body language?

C: Body language and mannerisms. It's all part and parcel of it. I think it's a very wrongful thing to say that pidgin should be perpetuated or be recognized. Interestingly, on the island of Curacao, the Curacaon people born on Curacao speak Papiamento. It's a combination of Dutch, Portuguese, English, Spanish. What else is there? There are many different people on Curacao.

The interesting thing is that the little newsboy can size you up as to whether you're a Dutchman, (there are many Dutch from the Dutch Shell Company), an American or a Latin American or whatever, and he will offer you that newspaper in your tongue and thank you for it in your tongue and that kid at very few years of age is speaking all of the languages of Curacao but his native tongue is Papiamento. It's a patois.

So in that context (laughs) if English could be properly spoken and even yes, Japanese and Chinese and Hawaiian and Portuguese, if those languages had been developed and spoken, and then there was a local patois that didn't abort the proper use of English, all well and good.

S: But I think the story you told of a bright, young man having to leave here to overcome this bad habit or however you want to refer to it is a sad commentary.

C: He faced up to it. It was a truism. Mark went to the University of Hawaii. He didn't go to a mainland university.

S: I think it's a real problem.

C: Yes, because it does not seem to be diminishing in many areas.

I mentioned the lack of engineers in Hawaii following World War II, and I had a great deal to do with the Hawaiian Dredging Company establishing some engineering scholarships at the University of Hawaii to encourage more students to pursue engineering. That went along for several years (laughs) but the end result was that no engineerng students after graduating from the University of Hawaii came to work in Hawaii. They could immediately go to the California State Highway Commission at a substantially higher salary than they could get in Hawaii and we never saw any of them who had been granted a scholarship.

S: Because at that point there was a nation-wide shortage.

C: Right and indeed, fair to say, that although in many ways there were some wage areas in Hawaii that were substantially good, we were further from West Coast levels then than we are now. Interestingly, I just read that people in the computer world here are paid like twenty percent less and that goes all through the system. Rather surprising to me that that would be the case.

S: It's unfortunate because our living costs are so high and wages twenty percent lower.

C: And yet one of the things taking place is that more and more of our population is employed in service work and that just does not in the overall contribute to higher incomes throughout the community. It's a factor that influences.

I mentioned earlier that my high school, Huntington Park Union High School, when I was there was the wealthiest high school district in America. I read a couple of days ago that

the city of Huntington Park is now among the lowest ten mean income levels in the nation today.

S: The lowest ten?

C: The lowest ten. There are two or three towns in California and the rest are spread around the country. Over the period since I left Huntington Park High School, fifty-eight years ago, Huntington Park, an independent high school district, became part of the Los Angeles school district.

I have a niece who worked there in her last year at USC as a teaching major. She did her student teaching at Huntington Park High School although she had no connection with the area. She told me then it was the absolute bottom of the barrel. It was a jungle. The whole community is a combination of migrant Cubans, migrant South Americans and Chicanos, very heavy in low-income blacks. She said it was a horror to work there day by day. She couldn't believe it. And here now I read that that community, which was a prosperous middle-income community, is now one of the lowest in the nation. You wonder how or why in that instance a highly developed school system ...

S: We've seen a lot of changes in fifty years and I would guess affiliation with Los Angeles didn't help.

C: No, it's so big a school system.

END OF TAPE 4/SIDE 1

C: No other state has a system akin to Hawaii, a state-wide school system, New York being the only other state that does not have its state divided into individual school districts. It's not quite like Hawaii, I understand. They have some sort of regional division. But Huntington Park is a case where an independent school system has just gone down the sewer.

An area of education that I also work in is as chairman of the Scottish Rite scholarship committee. We make two scholarship awards each year, a graduate and an undergraduate, to students who have been in Hawaii for a minimum number of years, and intend to make their career in Hawaii. Our attitude is that we'd like to see those funds have direct results right here, (laughs) and that's not related to my experience with the engineers some years back. That provision existed when I got involved.

S: Although you were inclined to agree with it.

C: Well, I think in any instance with the use of philanthropic funds you hope to see tangible or direct

evidence of the use and results they produce. Just giving it away is no satisfaction if you're not aware of some objective results.

I also serve on the Honolulu Rotary Clubs scholarship committee.

S: Are they going to let women into the Rotary? That's a current issue, isn't it?

C: It's before the Supreme Court now. We in Honolulu Rotary just a few weeks ago had a survey made. We have near 400 members of pretty much the key business and professional men. Several educators, too. Rod McPhee, Jack Darvill and Reverend Daniel Coon; also the heads of Chaminade and Hawaii Pacific. So we have a fairly widespread and broad-based membership, and the majority oppose women coming into the Rotary.

One of the things that really stood out is the interesting fact that the older men in the club as a group were more in favor of women than the younger. I really assumed that would not be the case simply by reason of habit and tradition. However, one of the outstanding reasons given for opposing it is the elimination of the opportunities that men have to mingle among themselves. Fellowship it's called in Rotary. And they say, "It simply cannot be the same sort of an atmosphere with women present."

S: Yes, it creates a different atmosphere. I didn't mean to sidetrack you, but since it's in the news right now, I did want your opinion.

C: It's an interesting question because if we are caused to open up in the United States, it's going to create a major problem in International Rotary. Although Rotary began in the United States, there is no way at this juncture that many other nations are going to go along. That's my judgment. We have to think of such countries as Australia and Japan and the Arab countries who would be rigidly opposed.

But that's only the tip of the iceberg. The Boy Scouts. Now what do you do with the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts? Do they have to become one? As a sidelight on this, the state of Victoria in Australia has enacted an equal rights law which goes beyond the American. Until now at least, in this country under the first amendment you have the right to choose your associations and on that basis a private club can be exclusive as long as there is a selective and defined requirement for membership.

In Victoria under their new law it has been determined this is not the case. I think of the Royal Melbourne Golf

Club of which I am a member. It is as blue-nosed and conservative a club organization as you would find anywhere. More British than Britain. Australian golf clubs have a different system in which a wife or daughter may become what is called an associate member. There are prescribed hours and opportunities for them and they have (every golf club in Australia has its own club team) their own pennant teams. The women's activities are quite good. All riding on the coattails of the father's or husband's membership.

Now it's been decreed in the courts that every one of these associates must be granted full membership. But the other side of that coin is they have to pay full dues and the women are frothing at the mouth. They're not prepared to take that money out of the family budget.

The worst one of all is the Royal Melbourne Cricket Club. When a son is born in Australia (and this is not unlike other such traditions in the Commonwealth), the boy is nominated for membership by his father who was nominated by his father and he by his father to membership in the Royal Melbourne Cricket Club. If this boy is lucky, by his early twenties he will be admitted to membership. It's something he aspires to all his life. They have now ruled that his sister's entitled to the same membership that he is. And this cuts right across historic tradition, that she should instantly be entitled to a full membership. This is only in the state of Victoria at present.

Getting back to one of the organizations that I've been involved with since its early years, Flora Pacifica.

S: When was Flora Pacifica organized?

C: I can't tell you off the top of my head, but it goes back to the first years of the East-West Center, and they've recently celebrated twenty-five years.

S: It was probably the early sixties?

C: I would think so. The organization was made up of a very enthusiastic group of community leaders, both women and men, with great interest in the botanic and garden world. The first several shows were held at the East-West Center. They were not of great scale, but were well done and provided substantial community interest and appeal. (With my extensive travel and business involvement, I did not find time to attend them.) With success of those shows, the idea of doing a much grander event in the new Neal Blaisdell Center auditorium won favor.

Mr. Al Ostheimer, as president in 1969, developed the scheme, and Mr. Malcolm MacNaughton with Mr. E. E. Black handled the important fund raising program, an effort which

not only funded the oncoming event, but through longer term underwriting would make it an ongoing community project.

Val Ossipoff combined his great design talents with James Hubbard, the able landscape architect, to create a masterpiece for all to see. It was a superb accomplishment, but a financial failure at the box office, leaving a deficit well into six figures, not an uncommon phenomenon when artists work with open-end budgets! Mr. Black, whose company had provided the construction and installation of the grand exhibit, carried his bill while it was incrementally paid off over a period of several years without interest; another example of the many contributions this great man made in the community interest.

There then followed three successive shows held in the gardens of Mrs. Henry Walker's Nuuanu estate, but again expenses exceeded income and more and more it was recognized that if a permanent home for Flora Pacific could be obtained, it's viability should greatly increase. It would provide year-round opportunity for Oahu visitors and residents to enjoy the flora of the Pacific and hold intermittent exhibits focusing on Pacific countries.

An ideal site was identified in Kapiolani Park on the Diamond Head side of the Shell, about two acres of unused and undeveloped space along Paki Street. Under then President General Livingston Taylor, the Fasi administration was sold on the merits of such an asset in the park, and the city attorney approved the legal aspects. The scheme had gotten all the way to the goal line when, not untypically, Mayor Fasi changed his mind and chose not to proceed. The election of Mayor Eileen Anderson brought an initial favorable attitude, but as her Year 2000 scheme for Kapiolani Park developed, the position was taken that the land was "too valuable" for such use.

There then developed the very exciting possibility of the Twigg-Smith family property in Nuuanu being conveyed to Flora Pacifica by Thurston Twigg-Smith. Through the personal efforts of neighbors, many road blocks were put in the way of the estate being used by Flora Pacific, and ultimately, the state Land Board refused to approve it.

With all the disappointments, the stimulus to do yet another show was still present, although we were flat on our back. The new Arts Building at the University offered a possibility and we went ahead, determined to minimize expenses and generate a better gate despite access and parking problems with a scaled-down show.

At this point, enter Lila Ann Sahney as chairman of the event, a real doer and cost conscious. Every effort was made to tie down and control expenses and for the first time

perhaps a more hard-nosed approach was taken, Jim Hubbard contibuting a great deal of his professional time to make it a very worthwhile project. But even with that we exhausted the few thousand dollars we had in the treasury. Public patronage was not sufficent once again. To her credit Lila Ann had done, as she surely would, a great piece of work of chairing the project and somehow with board members' support getting the whole thing lashed and hooked and pulled together and meeting the deadline for the opening on an austere budget. The public patronage that didn't materialize was largely due, we felt, to the inherent congestion on the campus.

As time passed, many members of the board felt that we had to keep Flora Pacific alive by doing another public event. One of minimal cost and good access. Bishop Square was nearing completion and Mr. Melim of Northwest Mutual saw merit in making available one of the unoccupied floors in the tower for such an exhibit. The theme would be one of relating all the points of the compass in the wholly open floor to plantation flora to the west, the wet valleys to the east, the coastal plain to the south, and the mountains to the north. We would be open at noon and the end of day for the downtown workers and would seek corporate support to make their attendance possible.

The problem was a chairman with some "throw weight" in the downtown business community. I had insisted that there was no way we would do another event without a top member of the business community. The man of the hour we thought would be Herb Cornuelle, joined by that marvelous lady from Kamehameha schools, Gladys Brandt.

Herb declined, giving among other reasons his loss of heft in the business community with his retirement from Dillingham Corporation and his changed base as a trustee of the Campbell Estate. Herb suggested three possibilities whom he thought could help but none could be persuaded and with time moving along, we had to call it off.

Following that decision, we put the corporation in limbo as inactive in the caretaker role under General Taylor and Mack Wills. So Flora Pacifica is dead in the water until such time as it may logically be resurrected; hopefully, with the support of an influential individual who perceives the need and the atmosphere for a successful event that will "wash its face" at least under a greater community patronage.

As a footnote, we did make a second pass at Frank Fasi following his defeat of Mayor Anderson, but with inheriting the Year 2000 project which Mayor Anderson had initially developed, there was no room for consideration of Flora Pacifica again. So be it. There it is. Hopefully, Flora Pacifica will rise again! As a staunch supporter and patron

from its early days, I later served on its board for several years and as president and chairman in 1981 through '83.

One of the interesting things I was involved with a good many years ago was guide dogs for the blind. I served as a local representative for the San Rafael Guide Dogs. Winona Love, the lovely (what shall we say?) paramour of Francis Ii Brown, was very active, living at Del Monte. Francis kept a home on the golf course at Del Monte and was widely known there. Winona got interested in guide dogs.

I worked with her in developing candidates from Hawaii to go to San Rafael. At the same time or thereabouts, I was very active with obedience training of dogs and was then president of the Obedience Training Club of Hawaii, the original club and the one of greatest substance. Within our group, we got to a point at which we thought we were really masters of dog training; I didn't wholly agree. Others held that we ought to establish a guide dog activity in Hawaii. I saw the ramifications of that beyond our ability to train the dogs, in the psychological aspects of dealing with the blind person, and the realization that it takes two to make a team.

I did agree that we would spend the funds to demonstrate that we had reached that level of training competency here. We would select a dog, provide it a home, bring it along all the way to the stage of being an accomplished guide dog. That we did with a German shepherd. Of course, at this point my associates wanted to go from there into a local guide dog activity. I said, "No." That was not the basis that I had participated in the demonstration. It was altogether too ambitious a thing to establish a unit for so few needs.

However, they went their way and persuaded a company here to provide funds to fund the first year's operation. All in all, it did not really mature. Then they got the more sensible idea that they would be better off to work with Australia which has a high level of seeing eye or guide dog capability throughout its country. In fact, they took the lead in using the Labrador retreiver rather than German shepherds (San Rafael was using Labradors) but Australia had gotten into the Labs very early and it had come on as one of the best of guide dogs.

They have taken advantage of bringing an already trained dog from Australia, quarantine free, and then almost immediately putting it in the hands of the blind owner. Otherwise, the dogs must remain four months in quarantine and the owner has to go down and live with the dog down there and only take it out on the street with an inspector going along and it's a difficult thing.

Here's one of my more recent activities that I'm really enthused about. Some few years ago I was asked by the Westminster Kennel Club of New York City, which holds the dog show of the nation and is the dog organization, oldest and most renowned, if I would join a feasibility panel to study and come up with recommendations for the establishment of a dog museum in the United States.

Interestingly, there is no museum of the dog anywhere worldwide despite the fact that he has been man's best friend down through time. The results of that feasibility study produced a recognition on the part of the Westminster Kennel Club that their Westminster Foundation was really not up to taking on the project. The Westminster people then sold the heads of the American Kennel Club, with whom there's a close association in the New York area, that the American Kennel Club should undertake the establishment of the dog museum of America and that got underway. I served as the fund-raiser for the state of Hawaii and carried out a small person-to-person fund-raising effort.

With the museum located in New York under the aegis of the American Kennel Club, public perception would tend to limit the nature of the museum to the purebred dog world. Also New York City has greatly lost its attraction as a place for families and the public at large to visit on vacation or leisure experiences. People visit the Big Apple on business and get in and get out as quickly as possible.

The past few years have been spent in search of a permanent home hopefully located at a travel crossroads. Prospects were pursued in southern California, Georgia and Colorado. Ultimately, a proposal by the county of St. Louis, which would provide a permanent site and building in the new resort in the suburbs of St. Louis known as "The Legends," was accepted.

With completion of the new museum facility scheduled for the summer of 1988, the present museum collection will be temporarily established in Jarvis House in Queeny Park near the city. It is an historically important antebellum residence built in Greek revival architecture in 1853. It provides a fine temporary location for the museum. All in all, this accomplishment seems to add up to an outstanding crossroads location for what now will surely become a great tribute and monument to man's best friend.

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May 7, 1987

C: Among my community interests, I've been a member of the Two Hundred Club, which is a police and firemen's benefit organization created by some 200 businessmen in this

community perhaps some twenty years ago when two policemen were shot in action in Kakaako and both families were left with no source of immediate funds to tide over until such time as due process would provide what death benefits and such as were available.

Each contributed $200 a year to build a reserve fund. From that reserve monies would be immediately available in whatever amounts were in order for the families to keep them relatively comfortable during the interim.

That fund over the years has grown very substantially, aproaching $400,000 now. With good fortune, there have been very few cases where the need has come about. So, the fund is indeed increasing. It had to be put to practical uses, so a decision was made to use the funds incrementally to support needs beyond those provided by government channels for police and firemen, largely in the area of sending them away for special training and related activities.

Interestingly, this past year it came into focus that our Fire Department has not had a computer system. In fact there had been a lack of interest in establishing a computer-controlled fire system. So the Two Hundred Club this past year funded the cost of an overall computer system for the Fire Department and it's now coming into use.

Bureaucracy always has its way. Sometime back, government officials raised the question if in fact the Two Hundred Club did not have a conflict of interest with the city government by funding such matters as sending the policemen and the firemen away for training. In order to overcome that, it was agreed that in no case would the Two Hundred Club make the funds directly accessible or available, but that the city council would have a say-so in the approval of the use of these funds and so we proceed on that basis now. The hurdle is overcome, but it seemed almost ludicrous at first.

I've been active in Rotary for many years.

S: We talked some about Rotary because we discussed the Supreme Court upcoming hearing.

C: Yes, and I suppose we ought to add a footnote now that the Supreme Court ruled seven to zero [May 4, 1987] that the Rotary Club was more so a publicly accessible organization than a private one and upheld the decision of the California courts that those two clubs in California that took women in and were thrown out of Rotary should be reinstated.

Most interestingly now that this decision has been made, this offers problems for Rotary International and Rotary International <u>is</u> very much an international activity with

some 137 nations participating, abiding by the laws of each country.

S: We had mentioned the problems that would arise in certain nations in particular.

C: I've been a member of the Masonic order since the early 1940s, with my home lodge on Maui. I'm a thirty-second degree member of the orders of the Scottish Rite, the Shrine, and the Jesters within the Shrine.

I really didn't get into my "dog life" or "animal life" except that I talked about the Humane Society and the guide dogs.

I think somewhere in here I should focus a little on my lifelong relationship with nature and the animal world. It has been an important part of my journey through life. From my childhood dog, Rover, a half-pointer, half-setter, bred by my father from his hunting dogs, I've virtually never been without a canine friend. There was the fox terrier Spot and Lady the springer, followed by a ball of fluff called Buffy, konwn in California as a Seminole terrier.

In Hawaii at our "Tradewinds" kennels many American cockers in blacks, buffs, black and tans and reds followed and over a twenty-year period we bred and owned many AKC champions, accompanying some on mainland circuits. Then there was our greatest of all, Shot, an English pointer acquired and shown to his championship in Australia and then in Hawaii. A white toy Maltese named Friday took control of the house some eight years ago, followed by Foxy our one and only poi dog. She's a mix of corgi, sheltie and perhaps Danish spitz with her bushy ring tail, saved from starvation by the Humane Society.

S: Do you have a favorite breed?

C: I wouldn't say so, but if I really lived long enough and had the opportunity, I would like to have an experience with <u>every</u> breed of dog. Each breed has been developed in a manner to suit the pleasure of those who sponsored the breed and in each case temperament, personality, and physical characteristics are different and vary greatly in what they have to offer mankind.

At present, I think the next dog I'd like to have would probably be a papillon, a toy dog, but a very energetic, lively, very alert dog that shows up as one of the most trainable of all the dogs in receiving obedience instruction. These little guys are among the best. They have a sparkle in them that appeals to me and I think I would like to have one. There are so many breeds in which I could really find a lot of pleasure and attachment.

From the standpoint of championships and show quality, American cocker spaniels were our strong suit, and then I had a great English pointer that no doubt was the finest in America in his time although I never got him back to New York to be shown at Westminste, where from all I could learn he would have stood alone against the leading pointers in the country.

For a great many years we extensively bred canaries. I got overboard on them to where I had a hundred or so. Then we got into fish. We had numerous aquariums. Went through all the trials and tribulations of attempting to maintain balanced aquariums and keep them in good health.

S: You never had cats?

C: As a child, yes. We had cats and dogs, but because of my affinity for the bird world, I've always had birds. Cats and birds just don't go together.

Here at Diamond Head we had the experience of the birds in the area kind of looking upon this as a little preserve of their own, but there are feral cats in this area and they, in the absence of anyone being around the home all day long during my wife's long illness, virtually cleaned out all of the birds that used to come here.

Indeed, we had a flock of finches who came every morning to feed and every evening to feed, about sixty of them in that flock that never appeared again. We've not seen one since. They were a finch from Asia that no doubt had been released here or had gotten out of captivity and then bred into a sizable flock. Every morning the head of the flock would arrive and look the area over, see whether the seed had been put out, and off he'd go and be back in fifteen minutes or so with the flock. Same thing in the evening. These were tiny birds the size of my thumb. They would rest on those leaves in the bird of paradise and sway up and down in the breezes. We used a feeder so they could all get around.

Finally, one day one of the feral cats tore open the canary cage and got our canary. I borrowed a trap from the Humane Society and caught several of them. You could instantly tell if they were feral or one of the neighbors' domesticated cats because of their behavior within the cage. I trapped one around four o'clock in the afternoon and took it to the other end of the house and put a cover over it so it wouldn't get rained on, planning to take it to the Humane Society the following morning where they would dispose of it. That cat had unbelieveably torn the end out of that cage. They live so much in the wild and have to fend for themselves that it makes a different animal out of them.

With a live-in housekeeper, we've always had much more in the way of living things around our home because we have no problem in leaving. Early in life, when we learned we would not have children, we realized that it was important to have living things around us. A home without life is a sterile place.

S: And this is just what psychologists are coming up with today when they're transporting the pets into the nursing and retirement homes.

C: Indeed, yes. The therapeutic value is truly phenomenal and I would say that we to a degree failed this community in the Humane Society when we did not recognize at the proper time that we should have moved to obtain ordinances which required facilities in the condominiums and indeed the rental apartment buildings whereby people could properly have their pets with them. Since then, however, the Humane Society has attempted to persuade owners or management of the condominiums and apartments to yield and allow pets to some extent. Too little--I hope not too late! If it continues in the wrong direction, we'll become a sterile society.

With the recognition that animals are inherently important to man in his living, we simply have got to move to provide proper laws. Here in the state of Hawaii there are things that can be done to enable hospitals and such to have animals that are accessible to the patients. It's prohibited as I understand it to take an animal into a hospital, although I must confess that we did it one New Year's Eve for a friend. We took her cocker in in a valise and she had her dog with her at midnight for the celebration. (laughs) There are great movements and activities going on across the nation. The longer-term result should provide for a more healthy and wholesome humanity with the growth of human companion-animal bond relationship.

Did I talk about the Hawaiian Kennel Club?

S: Just very briefly.

C: I have been a director of the Kennel Club for thirty-six years and president of it for all but six or seven during which time I was vice president. That was an interim period when I was travelling so much that it was not fair to the organization. I continue to serve as its president. We are the original canine organization in Hawaii.

We go back about eighty-two years as we were first organized in 1905. Although there was a lull during World War II and I'm sure in World War I, we have maintained the continuous operation of the club. We hold two all-breed championship shows and one all-breed puppy match each year at Neal Blaisdell Center.

I've been active as an obedience trainer and served as director and president of the Obedience Training Club of Hawaii for several years. Likewise, the Cocker Spaniel Club of Hawaii.

Here's a little on the more personal side. Though not a churchgoer, I am a person of very strong belief and great faith in our Supreme Being and I have very strongly relied on prayer throughout my life. I think that faith has taken me very safely through my whole career.

S: Did your parents stress religion?

C: I think that I mentioned...

S: Oh, that's right. Your mother had taught you at home when you were in Canada because she didn't want you to come under the influence of the English church.

C: And the Crown, and that carried over to the United States. Certainly I attend, but I am not an avid churchgoer. Yet I feel that I am as faithful and good a Christian as those who make much more of it than I do. I've lived by my childhood teachings in honesty, integrity, morality and the Golden Rule. I feel they have been important throughout my life. I can safely say I've never made an enemy.

I shall always treasure my many years of friendship we enjoyed with Bishop Harry S. Kennedy. He was a great man whom I respected and admired. And indeed, he was for me and Gladys a great source of strength through her long illness. He would some years later, with Father Charles Crain, perform the marriage service for Glenna and me at Holy Nativity Church.

Another fine man of the cloth that I came to know well during the World War II period was Captain Padre McGuire, Senior Fleet Chaplin of the U. S. Navy in the Pacific. He gained instant fame for the remark at the time of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." I still carry in my wallet the St. Christopher's medal with which he blessed me over a few cocktails in my cottage at the Pacific Club to take me safely through the war.

I have had myriads of friends and acquaintances in many places because of the nature of my activities. They say that we have but few true friends. I have many that I regard as good friends. Looking back, I have indeed lived a rewarding life of considerable breadth and depth. It's been a happy, comfortable one during which I've experienced little or naught in the way of trouble or adversity. I've always been successful in what I sought to achieve from my earliest

school days. I feel that my life has been one of good fortune most all the way.

Although a little reluctant to say so, I know that I have within my financial means been a generous person and a considerate one. I know that in many ways I've helped many people in many different ways in the course of my life.

With all of that, the long and serious illness and loss of Gladys, my partner of thirty-five years in August 1977, a year after my retirement, provided a lasting hurt and serious dent in my existence. From the very beginning of our courtship and marriage, we shared a truly marvelous, loving and caring life together until the very end. I shall always remember her great courage, determination and faith during those many long months.

As time passed, I found a warm and growing relationship with Glenna, who had indeed been Gladys' bridesmaid when we were married. She had been a staunch and helpful friend to Gladys through her long illness. Glenna, too, had lost her lifelong partner, Willard Buscher. Our casual friendship grew and grew, and as much time passed we came to realize that we should share our life together.

The more than seven years that we've now been married have been a marvelous experience for both of us. We share so very much in virtually all the things that we do and so enjoy a most compatible life.

I, without children, have come to know her two sons, Harry and Ward, in a rewarding and interesting way, along with their wives, Linda and Kay. Their seven grandchildren are, of course, a great novelty for me and our fine relationships are growing.

S: Are any of them here in Honolulu?

C: Three of them have lived in Honolulu, but at the present time Shannon, the oldest at twenty-three, having graduated about two years ago from Seton Hall University in South Orange, New Jersey, is in New York. Seton Hall has one of the leading Asian programs in the United States. Shannon as a youngster developed an interest in speaking Japanese and it stayed with her through school. In mid-high school she won the opportunity of going to Japan for the summer to live in the home of a Japanese family and that helped increase her ability in speaking Japanese.

On or about the same time she decided to go from Punahou to Hawaii Preparatory Academy on the Big Island to be with her two brothers in school. Hawaii Prep attracts quite a number of homeland Japanese students and she was able to improve the use of her tongue in association with them.

After graduating from Hawaii Prep, she decided that she wanted to spend a couple of years with her family and attended the University of Hawaii rather than going away. She chose Seton Hall for her last two years, intending to major in international business with a leaning toward Japan.

When she arrived at Seton Hall, she found that a class that she had registered for in good time had been filled--the class in advanced Japanese. She was terribly disappointed and went to the professor to see if she could monitor the class without credit. He talked with her in Japanese and said, "You would be the best student that we have in the tongue and we're going to make room for you."

Shannon, on graduating, wanted to look for work in the East. I said, "Go to Philadelphia. That's a nice city." She was thinking of Boston, but with my experience in Boston I couldn't endorse it. I think I may be mistaken now. Apparently the young people are really flocking there. It's a changing community.

She wasn't successful in her efforts to obtain work in Philadelphia, so she went back to South Orange, New Jersey, and thought she'd try New York. Incredibly, Shannon wound up being employed by Yamaichi America Company, one of the oldest and largest investment banking and securities houses in Japan, on the ninety-seventh floor of the World Trade Center in New York as assistant to the vice president in charge of mergers and acquisitions.

As you know, the Japanese are acquiring properties all over America. She is one of few haoles, as we call them here, who is able to talk to the Japanese executives in their tongue.

Curiously, just after her getting this job, there was a featured article in Time magazine on the lack of upward mobility of women in Japan. It told the story of how the major Japanese corporations, the Daibatsu, as yet are not thinking in terms of women becoming executives. But with the surplus of women business school graduates in Japan unemployed, the financial and banking institutions have found they've gotten a marvelous source of talented people. So the financial world in Japan is employing women and moving them up.

This Time article brought out the point that Yamaichi leads in Japan in the utilization of women executives. I couldn't wait to clip the article and send it back to Shannon to let her know the kind of company she had joined. (laughs)

She wrote back and said, "You know, when I was being interviewed, I said to Mr. So-and-So, 'Well now, if I do come with your company, what are my chances as a woman of getting anywhere in your company? I have been counselled not to raise this question in my first interview, but because yours is a Japanese firm, I think I must.'" He said, "Let's talk about it," and he assured her there were good possibilities.

When Shannon was home at Christmas, she reported their offer to cover her expenses to get her master's degree; and was returning to take her first independent assignment in handling an acquisition project. Along with it, they've encouraged her to take her securities dealer's license examination in New York. Since then she's let us know she didn't make it on the first test, not unusual, but she's devoting night and day to being sure she's going to make it next time.

This is a very interesting story of a youngster who just set out...who felt an interest in Japanese and has carried it all the way to the point at which she's capitalizing on it.

S: And before too long she can join Rotary. (laughter)

C: Yes, that's right. Shannon is the daughter of Ward and Kay Buscher. Then there's Wade and Ian, the two sons. Both are in their college years. Wade, after his first year, dropped out to work the fishing season in Alaska, and is about to leave for the same employment again this year. He says by the money he made last year and the money he'll make this year he will have acquired all the funds he needs to finish college. This is tremendously well-paid work. It's hazardous and it's very tough, but he with another Honolulu boy went up there and got a job on a good boat.

Wade's a very frugal guy and there isn't any way in the world...I don't think even his parents would know how much he would have accumulated, but I feel sure it's well up in five figures. With the same thing this year, he will be in good shape to finish his college on his own. This, by his own choice.

Ian, a diligent and industrious young man, is taking a different tack on getting through college, working at any and all jobs at all hours, seven days a week. He succeeds at whatever he does and is presently attending Diablo Junior College in northern California. He hopes to go on to a college in southern California next year.

Harry, who keeps his home with Linda at Kamuela, has four children, the oldest, Heide, now being seventeen. Three daughters and a son, just eight. The range of all seven grandchildren is from twenty-five to eight and I can speak in an unbiased manner as a step-removed grandparent. These are

both marvelous families; families that are very close and enjoy outstanding family relationships; something that we just don't see much of today.

Shannon is yet at the age of twenty-three very much of a homebody sort, although she's living away and alone. We were on the coast for Thanksgiving with some family relatives, when who should appear on Thanksgiving afternoon, but Shannon, who had flown in overnight from New York to be there for Thanksgiving dinner and get back through the weekend for work on Monday.

It's refreshing for me to know there are yet these kinds of family relationships. Cori, Harry's second daughter, is brilliant. She is just an all A student. When we attended Cori's graduation from intermediate school three years ago, it was said by the dean of the school that if there were awards for youngsters at the intermediate level, Cori would have won them all. She's an outstanding, balanced girl. Whether it's gymnastics, music, science or whatever. We look for Cori going a long, long way.

She spent part of her summer in Spain last year, pursuing the Spanish language, living with a family near Madrid. She was also one of the recipients of a scholarship to attend the National Youth Leadership Conference seminars at Valley Forge.

Heidi, the older, is a different mold. Not so set on what she wants to do yet, she's spending the summer as a lifeguard in a camp in Alaska. She's a plucky youngster, fond of writing and literature, but undecided on what she wants to do.

Kelly, number three sister, is a pistol at eleven. Perhaps will surpass Cori. John is just all boy at eight.

S: You're getting to enjoy the really good phases of these children.

C: It's been a marvelous experience for me, as I see my grandnieces and nephews only once in a while.

END OF TAPE 5/SIDE 1

C: Again, looking backward--and I'm sure we all think in these terms at our ages--we realize we've lived in probably one of the greatest eras of man, man or woman. (laughter) I've spoken of my father's automobiles, 1911 Abbott-Detroit, in western Canada, the first of its kind out there and the first master-six Chalmers. That was western Canada, still in the horse and buggy era. We had carriage horses in our stables as well as the automobiles. The autos weren't startable in the winter months. You know the terrible cold

there. I recall being out in it with my father at 62 below zero!

I can remember my father in subzero weather opening the petcocks on the master-six Chalmers, pouring ether, closing them and then attempting to start the engine. What an explosion when the ether caught! It was so cold that gasoline would not ignite but ether might.

This was the day of the early telephone, the crank and the pushbutton and four number dialing. Our number was 3248. I still remember it. Electricity for lighting was in wide use, but much machinery then was steam-powered. The wireless and the Morse code was in use. Then came the first of the airplanes, then jet propulsion, the radio and television, calculating machines. The electric calculating machine was a great step forward. Who ever thought there would be anything so great as those speedy twelve-column machines. For my "paper" in college I employed three women on rented Monroe calculators to do myriads of the calculations required for the pages and pages of tables needed for a new book on double-reinforced concrete beams and slabs on which I collaborated with the distinguished British engineer Mark Cantell.

S: (laughs) And when was the last time you used a slide rule?

C: Well, I never did. I never did because my father was an expert in mental arithmetic and I acquired...I never became a master at mental arithmetic because that's a study unto itself, but yet today I make mental calculations while people are getting their fingers on their computers. And I see people use time uselessly when the answers are so simple.

Rather than the slide rule I went to the calculator. And then, of course, came solid state electronics and the computer. And then sonic speeds, supersonic speeds, travel in space, moon landings, and so on. The laser. My nephew, Craig Breedlove, using an aircraft jet engine in the "Spirit of America," which he designed and built, was the first to travel over 600 miles per hour on land. I am one who has had the good fortune to live in the span of a tremendous era.

S: You've gone from the horse and buggy days to installing computer systems in fire departments. You've covered it all.

C: Indeed. But looking back through history to the Industrial Revolution and the accomplishments that have followed, it's fantastic. Of course, people of the future will look upon us and perhaps laugh when everything will have become so automatically controlled and operated. People will lead a wholly different existence than we now do. No check writing and bill paying and the time that we spend each day

on paper functions. I must confess I haven't joined the home computer crowd; ostensibly it is supposed to simplify and make a lot of things easier. I'm not sure that computer utilization and all that goes with it has attained its full purpose.

I think of Mayor [Dianne] Feinstein of San Francisco who a year or two ago said, "Well, we've invested $75 million in computers in the city of San Francisco government system, and I've been unable to identify or detect as yet one job that we have eliminated from the payroll of the city of San Francisco." I think there's an area in which a great deal must be joined. It has simplified, certainly, and made things so much faster and effective, but I'm not sure we're apace of utilization in the economic sense. We're hide bound by our practices and traditions. Certainly it will come. The household will function in new ways. And yet we tend to be suspect. What happens when the system fails? How do you ever get it straightened out?

I have an amusing situation right now. I advised the American Express Company that after many years I was terminating the use of their card which would expire February 1. In the meantime, I picked up a Visa card from the Bank of Hawaii. I found that I can get a Visa card and a maximum level of credit for a fraction of the annual fee, and you know, I don't pay interest.

Well, I had for the first time ever authorized a supplier to ship one product a month and charge it to my American Express card. This had been going on for just a short period when I advised them the arrangement was terminated and they should pick up on Visa. They replied, confirming that as of January 1 they would no longer charge Amex and would use Visa. Alas! Since then, I'm now receiving duplicate shipments and billings from both Amex and Visa.

I sent registered letters to both outfits telling American Express to reject the charges that come through and have ordered the supplier to cease and desist, but the duplicate shipments continue. To cap it all, Amex has now advised that because my charges continue, they are renewing my card and will charge me this year's fee! How can I end this? Now something's gone haywire in the computer.

S: And that's a relatively mild story. People can sit down and relate real horror stories about what has happened. If you walk into a room with twenty people, you can get at least twenty computer stories.

C: You tend to imagine what a catastrophe could develop when everything is all electronic and there are no other records or controls. I'm sure it will all be worked out.

S: (laughs) Maybe not in our time, but eventually.

C: I started to say something of my far-flung international activities, so I'll just sort of summarize, as they do reflect a great deal of my path through life and the attainment of what I set out to do when I decided to leave my father's business. There are port works and marine facilities in Norfolk, Virginia, and Cumana, Venezuela, in Newcastle, Adelaide, Spencer Gulf, Albany, Fremantle and Busselton, Australia, Whangarei, New Zealand, Pontianak, Ambon, Timor and Ceran in Indonesia, and Singapore; power and industrial plants and facilities in Honolulu, in Boston and Meriden, Connecticut; Mount Isa, Townsville, Gladstone, Wollongong and Melbourne, Australia; military installations on Guam and Johnston Islands, Pearl Harbor, Hickam and Barber's Point, high-rise structures in Honolulu, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane. Waterworks in Saigon, highways in New Guinea, airports on Maui, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and Guam; mining in Queensland, Australia, and housing of every kind from California through most all of those places.

Along the path, I've come to know many people of all walks of life; some of high position in their business worlds and governments, among them such men as Sir Robert Menzies, Lee Kuan Yew, Harold Holt, Sir Robert Muldoon, Sir George Fisher, Sir James Foots, Sir Henry Bolte, Ralph Trimmer, Admiral Chester Nimitz, Brian Massey Green, Sir William Stevenson, Presidents Nixon and Ford, and a novel meeting with the Royal Family's Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip and Princess Anne.

Along the way there are interesting experiences that remain firm in my memory. Swimming with Prime Minister Harold Holt before daybreak at the tip of of the Port Phillip peninsula where Harold, clad in a wet suit, intrepidly dived among the gigantic clumps of seaweed pounding on the rocky shore. He told me he used the seaweed as a mattress to cushion his body on the rocks as the open ocean waves crashed around him. He was absolutely fearless of the ocean and supremely confident.

Tragically, some two weeks later the world was to learn that Harold Holt, swimming alone in virtually the same location had failed to come back to shore. It was a shock for me, but not a great surprise, for I had written Gladys in Honolulu, following my weekend with him on the peninsula, "This is unbelievable. I travelled alone with the PM in his personal car, a Pontiac coupe, at four o'clock in the morning to have a swim at daybreak at the tip of the peninsula and unescorted by any form of security or protection for the chief of state of this great country."

Only weeks before, Harold and his wife Zara had been our guests in Honolulu to officiate at the founding of the American Australian Club of Honolulu.

I told you the story about Menzies and Lee Kuan Yew, didn't I?

S: You told me after we had finished our last interview. I would like to have it on tape.

C: When we had Sir Robert Menzies come to deliver a lecture in the Dillingham lecture series at the East-West Center, I in conversation with him over the usual bottle of scotch, spoke of our desire to persuade Lee Kuan Yew to come to deliver a lecture in the Dillingham lecture series at the East-West Center. Earlier, Lee Kuan Yew had indicated that there was really no basis for his coming for such an appearance in Hawaii unless he had something of significance to say. At that time he said, "There is nothing that I have to say to the rest of the world."

Time passed, and we were hoping ultimately to get him to come when he thought the time was appropriate. Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies said, "When you have the opportunity, you can tell Prime Minister Lee that I think he should accept your invitation. I think he'll listen to you if you tell him, and I'll tell you why."

Sir Robert went on to recount his first meeting with Lee at a meeting of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth. Menzies was going to meet Lee Kuan Yew for the first time since his becoming Prime Minister of Singapore.

Much had been written in the Australian papers about this man who had been elected as a Communist to become the Prime Minister of Singapore. The Australian press were just dreadfully abusive. Menzies was very much aware that Lee Kuan Yew was greatly upset with Australia over this as he felt he hadn't had a fair chance. As history shows, he was elected as a Communist and then went his own way. At the time it was the only way he could come into power.

They were introduced at the meeting. To use Menzies' own words, he said, "Lee Kuan Yew was glacial." (I'd never heard the term used in that manner.) "He just was not going to have anything to do with the Prime Minister of Australia. For once in my life I realized that I was going to have to assume the pursuit and I was determined to come to know this man. So when I engaged him again at the meeting and attempted to make conversation with him, I raised the question of his antipathy for Australia. He proceeded to tell me that he just could not bear what the Australian press had so wrongfully done to him and what the other press was doing to him, too."

As Menzies said, "I gave a moment of thought to it, and responded, 'Mr. Prime Minister, if I were in your shoes at this moment, I would be a very happy and confident man. In my long experience, the only time that I have ever grown concerned was when the press was not attacking me.'" He said, "That broke the ice. The Prime Minister was really taken back. Since then, we have become the staunchest of friends with the highest regard and respect for each other. So you tell him that I said he should come to Hawaii when you see him." End of story.

Menzies in his great career distinguished himself as a statesman on the international scene. A diplomat abroad and a tiger at home. He was noted for his ability on his feet in destroying the opposition. He was particularly pleased to tell of how he sensed a very difficult situation and was able to break the ice with the "glacial" Lee Kuan Yew. In time as it passed, Lee has proven to be one of the most successful chiefs of state in the free world today. The Singapore achievement is historic.

As affairs developed, we were to succeed in getting him, Lee, to deliver a Dillingham lecture and on that occasion I was able to raise the matter of the Menzies/Lee first meeting and indeed a comparably great prime minister confirmed the story almost verbatim with a twinkle in his eye.

END OF TAPE 5/SIDE 2

June 18, 1987

C: A rather trying and exciting event, in my then rather young life, was my experience in going to Venezuela to build a marine project in Cumana. I landed in Venezuela without any knowledge of speaking Spanish but for a few weeks' effort in preparation before leaving the United States.

We had no more than gotten established in Cumana, having built a camp to house the few Americans that I would have there as a team, than we began to realize that there was someone at work in the area, certainly a newcomer, who was attempting to organize the workers on the project or the workers-to-be on the project to lead up to high wage demands and a strike.

This was almost unbelievable in an area so remote and so isolated from such a city as Caracas, 200 miles away. The project got underway and was soon up to an employment of some 200 peons. All of them we had to train from scratch. There were no carpenters, there were no iron workers, there were no masons as such, so that we had to do everything that we could to simplify each work skill to be performed.

We used jigs and novel methods of getting people without any sort of manual training to do the things that had to be done to build the port works. Yes, there was a type of construction used in the community to build the characteristic pole residence with adobe or mud plaster veneer, a minimal form of construction, yet adequate for the use it was put to.

As the project moved along, we then became aware, through the local labor office, a union had been formed to demand higher wages on the project. The labor laws of Venezuela, curiously, established in the early twenties, were very much ahead of anything that we had in the United States; unbelievably so, the provisions that were set out in their laws to protect and provide for the workers. But those were created for the workers in the oil industry. But nobody paid any attention to the labor laws as they might apply to a local employer or even the government employee.

S: Were these aimed particularly at wages or safety or working conditions?

C: Wages, safety, health, the whole lot. As a matter of fact, at that time in Venezuela if you had employed a person for ten years, you virtually owned that man for life. There was no way that you could ever get him off the payroll or avoid the specifics of the labor laws as a foreign employer. There was a cash settlement basis but it was very substantial. Nothing like these laws existed in the United States at that time.

This was not only a rather startling development insofar as I and my American associates were concerned, but also insofar as the Caracas office was concerned. Out of the Caracas office of the Raymond Concrete Pile Company we had many, many major projects throughout the country and beyond.

The labor law provided that you could go through a fixed period of negotiation and discussions down to a point at which, if you hadn't reached mutual agreement, there began a sixty-day cooling-off period in which further negotiations took place in the presence of the representatives of the labor department, the employer and the union. If by the expiry of the sixty-days, resolution had not been reached, then the employees had the right to strike. Bear in mind this was 1943 in Venezuela, well before such came into being in the United States.

I should say right here that no such thing had ever been known in Cumana in the past. It had been sponsored, without any question, by such organizations active in the oil areas out of Caracas, La Guaira and Maracaibo. In conjunction with the negotiations, I had frequent dealings with the president of the state. The president in his residence had the only

radio communication facility with which we could reach Caracas, and when we had to, we could arrange to get on the air through his facility.

As we entered the sixty-day period, day by day a great sign appeared on the site starting with the number "60" and day by day the numerals were changed. Each morning there were all kinds of demonstrations on the part of the employees. During the last twenty-four hours before the strike, we had come to the point of having reached an impasse in which we had failed to get any authorization from our Caracas office to go any further on the proposed health, safety and pay conditions. As the Cumana port works was a national project, the results of the negotiations would be of extreme importance to the government of Venezuela and our headquarters were dealing with the minister of public works and the president to be sure our efforts were compatible.

Finally, on the day that the strike was to come off, I had to go before these two hundred and thirty or forty--all peon workers--who were by this time virtually frothing at the mouth, taking down the hour sign by the hour, and the whole temperature of things was rising steadily towards the noon deadline.

That morning I had charged the representative of the Department of Labor with violating the Venezuelan labor law by reason of the fact that he had not allowed us the time to get the matter settled by our headquarters office and receiving the proper instructions in Cumana. The impact of doubling or tripling wages according to union demands would be of major impact on government projects across the nation where in fact little heed was paid to Venezuela's sophisticated labor laws by local operators in any field of activity.

When we had not received, as I said, these instructions, I went before the employees and, with a more capable person in the tongue than I serving as an interpreter, they were told that we felt this would be an illegal strike, that the labor representative was being charged with a violation of the law, and that we were simply asking for more time to communicate with our Caracas office. I proposed that I would leave with the head of their union and the labor representative to go to Caracas to get this resolved at the government level.

Right away, the question was raised, "Well, how will you get to Caracas?" I said, "Well, we'll get on the boat leaving for Caracas this afternoon and we'll go to Caracas by boat." This was a Saturday. There'd be nothing doing in Caracas on Sunday. The cry went up then that that wasn't fast enough. You must go by air. Well, there was no air service at that point through the weekend.

The claim was made that we should charter an aircraft to come to Cumana. I tried to reason with them along the lines that though we got there, we could not do anything on Sunday. At this point, really, the group was at the point of riot. The cry went up, "They're not going to settle this strike. They're taking our union leader out of here and we'll never see him again, and this thing is a plot."

I thought the crowd was going to go berserk. I wasn't sure just what next might happen when, at that instant, the word was brought to me from the governor of the state of Sucre's office that he had received a presidential decree from Caracas (I don't recall the name of the president of the country at that time) that the strike would not come off; the wages would be increased by ten percent for the life of the project, there was no question that both the health and the safety standards would be met to the letter in the law and that there would be no further agitation during the life of the project. It was important--it was a fishing port--and it was important to the economy of the country.

Well, that made things worse when they were told they were going to get a ten percent increase. But, because Venezuela was at that time not too far removed from the long years of dictatorship of Juan Vincente Gomez, nobody in that crowd would think about raising an issue against the president. So the crowd broke up, and things diffused during the afternoon. It took us about two weeks to get those people to come back and go to work. (laughs)

The meeting of the requirements of the health and safety laws were almost ridiculous. We had the conventional open-air latrines or toilets along the shoreline the workers could use, as was practiced on U. S. projects, but many of them preferred by habit just to use the bay. They demanded that they should have the modern plumbing facilities that the Americans had in their camp bathroom and so we were ordered to install modern plumbing fixtures, (laughs) but they would not arrive from the U. S. in wartime before the end of the project.

The law said that every man should be provided with a glass for his drinking water rather than drinking out of the common tin cup, as was conventional in our country at the time, and the watering pails. So every man must have his own glass. We provided a few dozen glasses, one to a man on the first day of work. The next day there were no glasses on the project. They took them home to their huts, and drank from the water taps on the project as before.

Otherwise, we had been adhering to the labor laws and we went through the project with a reasonable relationship; it had all grown up out of nowhere; at the root of it was a

communist-influenced group that had come and stirred these quiet-living people in this old town of Cumana.

S: I was curious about that. You did find out who had instigated the whole thing? These were local communist groups?

C: They had come from Caracas; they were not local.

S: I meant local in the sense of Venezuela.

C: Right. I was indeed concerned not only about my own safety, but the other Americans with me.

S: But they zeroed in on you because you were an American company?

C: Oh, yes. Now this was the beginning of the forties. There were several political parties in Venezuela and the Marxists were active. I recall when I lived for a time in a hotel in Maracaibo, the peons would congregate at night and drink outside the hotel room and go into tirades about the "Yanquis," yet it was principally U. S. companies that were bringing the new wealth to the natives.

The development of oil began in Venezuela in the early twenties. It was not solely American oil. The Royal Dutch Shell was there, too. The Venezuelan peon was simply not a happy person by reason of heritage.

We had an unusual situation in Maracaibo where at Christmas it was customary in Venezuela...under Venezuelan corporate law, a company could either declare the profits of the company and share them on a stipulated basis with the employees, or could pay all employees a ten percent bonus at Christmas and did not have to publicly reveal what its profits were.

Raymond operated in the country in many areas and through different companies, too. Some companies were of specialized nature or fitted tax and governmental requirements. Raymond had undertaken a contract in the city of Maracaibo to replace the ancient sewage system throughout the whole city. Maracaibo is a city of very narrow streets and lanes, quite undeveloped in many respects, but it did have an ancient sewer facility.

Because of so many difficulties and the nature of the project, we decided that the only basis we could carry out a contract with the government would be to do it on what we called a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis. We were awarded the contract by the city of Maracaibo on that basis.

As Christmas neared, we went to the Venezuelan authorities and said, "Now, as to the Christmas bonus. We pay Christmas bonuses through all of our companies in Venezuela. We're on a cost-plus arrangment with you through our Compania Anonima Ramond, which is a local corporation. If we award, as we customarily do, a ten percent wage dividend to all of the employees--and there were some 2,000 on the project--we will expect to bill you and be paid that ten percent bonus." The company itself had no profits from other sources.

Oh, no way. No Venezuelan company pays this bonus! Curiously, there seemed to be two laws in the country; one for the foreign operators and one for the locals. No Venezuelan pays a bonus to the employees. They don't make any money, so they don't pay. We said, "Well, if that's your decision, we will not pay a bonus. The company has no profits for this year." So when it became known to the employees that there was no bonus that Christmas, the 2,000 rioted in the city, seized our district manager and the two men heading the project, pillaged their homes and held those three men in captivity, and demanded $120,000 in American money, the equivalent of the bonus in Venezuela, as ransom for these three men. The ransom would be distributed to the employees of the company.

We communicated almost immediately with our headquarters in New York, because this really was an international sort of an incident. Our offices in New York went to the State Department who told them that they had no knowledge of any unrest or uprising in Maracaibo, that as far as the United States was concerned there was nothing happening there.

When we heard that, we went to the Canadian consul in Maracaibo. He was there on the scene, knew what was going on. He assured us that he would get a Canadian military plane in there to get us out, if it came to that.

The end result was that, without intervention of the U. S. government, we did pay the ransom of $120,000, and gained the release of the men. I was then handling a project across the lake. On finishing it was asked to act as district manager in Maracaibo.

S: We covered that part. You had mentioned the Christmas incident, but did not explain it.

C: Fortunately, there was no bloodshed. I mention it as background from the standpoint of the sort of climate that existed in those countries.

Venezuela had many changes of government and other South American countries likewise. Many were bloodless coups, but to stay in any one of those countries, you have the problem

of getting along, working with the incumbent government, obliging and catering to their needs, and in ways working with the graft that takes place under the incumbent regime, and still recognizing that a company like ours, that had been in there for the long term and had a great deal at stake, had to maintain, as it were, an anchor to windward, anticipating at any time there might be a change of government. We had a very difficult row to hoe in working with the people in power, yet knowing that at any time we could be talking to a new government.

To get things done in the country, we made a point of coming to know those in government in power. It was very important that we maintain this, not only at the highest levels of the company, but with the individuals such as myself in charge of the projects, we would invariably have the opportunity of meeting the president of the country, and if not one of the ministers in charge, so that in working around the country, you might with any unusual situation or circumstance developing, be able to refer to your knowledge or acquaintanceship with a high government officer. Under iron-man rule people are concerned for their own lives should they cross the incumbent government.

(laughs) When we first moved into Cumana, we selected a place on the shoreline to build the American camp. It was small. I think we only had a dozen rooms in it and a dining room and so forth. It was a very primitive area and we had to have the minimal of sanitary conditions, screened openings and so forth. We fenced off an area along the beach, giving due regard to the movement of traffic of the townspeople and so forth.

A few days after we had the fence up (and we had to have a fence to prevent the lumber and all of the other material being stolen from the grounds), the Jefe Civil came to see me. He said that we had improperly erected this fence on the property of the people of Cumana and that he wanted it taken down.

I was sufficiently versed in the circumstances to know in Venezuela the first fifty meters of shoreline is the property of the federal government throughout the country. Because it was a federal project, we had located our camp within that fifty meters and yet beyond that there was adequate room for traffic to pass between that fence and the village huts and houses.

When he raised this point I said, "Well, actually we are not encroaching on the local government's land. We're on the federal lands and the federal right-of-way which extends fifty meters in shore." He wasn't so sure that we were on the fifty meters or not, but all I said to him then was, "You know, Capitan Picardi, (whom I had met early in Caracas who

as head of the Venezuelan Navy and for whom this port works was of great interest) would not be very pleased at the position you're taking."

"Oh, you know Capitan Picardi?" "Yes, I met him. In fact, he's coming out here in a couple of months. He'll be visiting the area." "Oh, well, in that case, that's different." This at times was the means that we used to get along in the country.

I've been very much amused by the ridiculous charges made in Washington against American corporations operating abroad. We don't hear so much now, but in alluding to all the hullabaloo about American corporations not operating in conformity with the laws of our nation, its standards and its ethics in another country. The systems are so different in most countries.

In Venezuela, because no American dared drive a car in the country, I had a chauffeur to take me around the community for such limited transportation as I needed. He was, incidentally, a Trinidadian living in Cumana, spoke English and Spanish well. When I wanted to see someone at some level of authority in any of the governmental offices, I would ask my chauffeur to go down and let it be known that I was coming at a certain time to see a local official.

That chauffeur would simply walk through the outer offices where people were at their desks, and give a few or a Bolivar or two to each person that I would pass in getting to see the big man in his office. On that basis, when I arrived, I could walk all the way into that office. If I went on the other basis, every one of those people along the way would have some challenge to make or some basis of stalling my getting in to see the boss.

That, of course, to us seems ridiculous, but that was the way the system worked, so what do you do in a land of frustration where everything that you encounter, everything was against you every day of the week? The little things that helped make things go, you had to engage in (laughs) and if you didn't, you were looked upon adversely as not adhering or conforming with the practices of the country. To have my U. S. absentee tax extension form notarized by a local officer the question was how much was it worth to me to transfer the registry of a work barge from one subsidiary to another in the country. The time span and fees (shakedown) was horrendous.

S: It was simply a case of "When in Rome, do as the Romans," and that was it.

C: Very much so. In the port, we had great difficulty getting our materials, those that we imported, from the ships

that had to lay offshore; there was no deep draft dock where we were building the new facility. Ships had to lay offshore and they'd be out there for days or even weeks discharging cargo into little hand-rowed lighters bringing in the cargo piece by piece.

On this particular occasion, the marine superintendent from Alcoa Alumninum Company which had operations south of us in Venezuela and whose ship was bringing in a few hundred tons of cargo for us, called on me and said, "Look, if you will let us have your barges (we had shallow draft work barges there which we had towed from the U. S. to constuct the port works) we can discharge all your cargo onto those barges in no time and allow us to get out of here very quickly, as against ten or twelve days we may be here."

I said, "That makes sense." We needed the long-delayed shipment badly. For doing this, he said he would give us all the dunnage that they had available on the ship. This is rough-sawn lumber that is used to tier and stack the cargo and provide some stability at sea. We, indeed, could use it. We were very short of lumber on the project and jumped at this arrangement, got the cargo into port in no time and enabled the Alcoa vessel to proceed.

The next day, the resident engineer representing the public works office in Caracas, a very fine man named Doctor Mendez (all professionals are "doctors"), came to my office and said, "Senor Champion, the Jefe Aduana, which is the chief of customs, has seized that lumber that you have been given by the shipping company, and he has sent it out to his ranch in the country to be used in building his home." He said, "If you don't accept this or choose to do something about it, he will charge you with illegal import of undeclared merchandise. He has the right to seize that lumber and, indeed, fine you on the basis of false or non-manifestation." I'll never forget Dr. Mendez, a very fine and worldly gentleman. He said, "Mr. Champion, this is what you call in your country, 'bool-sheet,' but I suggest that you accept it and say no more." And that is what we did.

Now the Jefe Aduana, the head of customs, is appointed by the president of the country in each port, and in those days no one knew how long any one president was going to serve, and so he had to get his take as fast as he could. Indeed, the port works was operated on the basis that it provided the income for the head of customs. He got no pay from the federal government. He had to get it out of the operations of the port, and that seemed to be very common through the whole political appointee system.

S: But you didn't have any choice. Either way you were going to lose the lumber, so why fight it? You'd just be fined on top of the loss.

C: Quite right. We had several cases. Cargo was pilfered terribly. A case of canned food...there might be eighteen or sixteen cans remaining out of twenty-four. We had an experience where in stealing a power saw out of the package it was shipped in, the thief had put in an adding machine to account for that item on the manifest. There were several similar items like that that I raised in customs. I was told that I had better not say anything about that at all because, "You've already admitted false manifestation." You got an adding machine in the place of the saw, and you simply had to turn your back and take it. That was the way things were done and you better forget about it.

Such was the way of life working in South America--frustration at every turn--and that is the way it has always been and I'm sure a fundamental reason why the two great areas, "north of the border" and "south," are so far apart in their progress and development when you realize that the first settlers arrived in each area at the same times in history and that each possessed comparably great natural resources and potentials for social development and wealth. But to the south, the cream is all taken off at the top; there is little or no trickle down. As a knowledgeable Basque who had fled Franco said to me in Rio, "Yes indeed, Brazil has one of the greatest potentials in its natural resources of any nation anywhere! But I want to tell you--one hundred years from now it will still have the greatest potential."

END OF TAPE 6/SIDE 1

July 14, 1987

C: I consider it very good fortune that I, as a stranger in Hawaii, was associated with the Dillingham family and its business interests from the beginning of my work here. I'll always be grateful for the opportunities that were mine in working with them.

Lowell Dillingham as the head of the family interests under his father (Walter F. Dillingham's oversight knew no boundaries) was forever, for me, a source of enthusiastic stimulation. There were no limits to his desire to build a greater company in the mold of what his father had achieved and his grandfather, Benjamin F. Dillingham, had started before him.

I hold fond memories of the first months in which I had been made an officer of the company and the boundless hours that Walter Dillingham spent indoctrinating me with his philosophies and concepts of doing business and acquainting me with early history of the company and its background. He was so concerned to be sure that I, as a younger member of

the management team, would adhere to the ideals, the ethics and the business policies that had made for the company's great success.

It is a lasting disappointment that, as the corporation might have moved into the era of a fourth generation of family management, no successor was available, and as it turned out, with it being turned over to professional management, those things which made it what it grew to be were progressively diluted and lost and finally resulted in the breakup and disappearance of a great organization that had contributed much to the growth and development of Hawaii and the Pacific Basin. I will always cherish the years that I spent in association with that great family.

I don't think anyone is more disappointed than Lowell himself.

S: It's like the end of a dynasty.

C: Really. In the span of years in which the original B. F. Dillingham started and created a new economy whereby the plantations would be able to get their sugar to market, to the port, that really turned a backwater sort of an economy into a growing, thriving prime industry.

S: The Oahu Railway was an outstanding contribution. You just can't picture what Oahu would have been without it.

C: With all the difficulties that he had in financing and accomplishing it in so many phases, which are well covered in the recent book by Paul Yardley...

S: I loved the title, Millstones and Milestones [The Career of B. F. Dillingham].

C: Right, and that was truly so. The railroad was popularly referred to in the community as "Dillingham's folly." Interestingly, I had a good deal to do with bringing about the publication of the book on the family history. It was something that I committed myself to accomplish before I retired. It was the result after several years in which another effort had fizzled. Along with that, Lowell Dillingham, as head of the corporation, expressed himself as not being interested in the past to the extent that the corporation should spend some $50,000 or so of its funds on the publication of such a book. But, ultimately, I was able, in working with members of the family, to bring about the arrangement in which the B. F. Dillingham Company, a family corporation, would underwrite the publication of the book.

S: I think it was something that had to be done. There would have been such a gap without that story.

C: That book comes only up to the time, as it were in the overall company history, that W. F. Dillingham became the dominant force and Harold Dillingham, so to speak, assumed a lesser role, as that phase of the book went. This is perhaps unfortunate; for with the current breakup of the Dillingham Corporation I tend to question whether there ever will be a story done on the great expansion and development of the company going into the war years and on through the 1940s into the '80s, and other phases of the Dillingham interests. I don't suppose you ever thought we'd get to this point?

S: (laughs) I've enjoyed it. I've learned a lot.

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THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Watumull Foundation Oral History Project began in June of 1971. During the following seventeen months eighty-eight people were taped. These tapes were transcribed but had not been put in final form when the project was suspended at the end of 1972.

In 1979 the project was reactivated and the long process of proofing, final typing and binding began. On the fortieth anniversary of the Watumull Foundation in 1982 the completed histories were delivered to the three repositories.

As the value of these interviews was realized, it was decided to add to the collection. In November of 1985 Alice Sinesky was engaged to interview and edit thirty-three histories that have been recorded to mark the forty-fifth anniversary of the Foundation.

The subjects for the interviews are chosen from all walks of life and are people who are part of and have contributed to the history of Hawaii.

The final transcripts, on acid-free Permalife bond paper and individually Velo-bound, are deposited and are available to scholars and historians at the Hawaii State Archives, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii and the Cooke Library at Punahou School. The tapes are sealed and are not available.

August 1987